

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—The Congregationalist advises ministers who have "throats" to throw their physic and their wrappers to the dogs; let their hearts grow as God intended should be the case with men; and toughen their throat with cold water and the sweet breath of heaven, even when blowing off a snow-bank; instead of enervating them with the steam and sweat of their nasty bandages. The worst use to which one can put a human throat, next to that of the hangman, is to tie it up, for fear of bronchitis.

ALL SORTS OF PAR

The universal cry of
axes."

Handwritten:
 Purchased by
 H. B. Schuch
 at Colanton
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PROPERTY OF



EDGARTOWN, MASS.

Gift of Everett W. Whiting
Dec. 11, 1965.

On Board Barre Oct. 6th 1849
Saturday

Fore Part weighed anchor about 7^o O'clock
from Mattapissett and went to sea Wind SEast-
middle part blowing a gale. blt. fore topsail
Latter part moderated down and wind hauled to
the S^W West made sail and steering E by S so end
these twenty four hours

Sunday Oct 7th 1849

Fore Part wind blowing a gale from the S^W West
took in sail and hove the ship too under close reefed
main Consail and fore topmast staysail. middle part
gale continued. Latter Part wind moderated and hauled
to the N^W West made sail and steered SEast-
so end these twenty four hours Latitude 38. Long 68.

Monday Oct 8th 1849

Fore part - wind moderate from the North West
bent the fore topsail. Steering SEast. middle part
wind hauled to the North course SEast Latter part
wind N^W East course SE. Lat 37. 33" Long 68. 18.
so end these 24 hours

Tuesday Oct 9th 1849

Fore part wind moderate from the N^W East course SE
middle wind backing with some rain Latter part wind
steady from the North course SEast. Lat Longitude

Wednesday Oct 9th 1849

Fore part wind light from the S^W West middle part
backing with squalls and some rain Latter part wind
backing from the South West with some rain course
SE by East no observation this day so end these
24 hours

Thursday Oct 10th 1849

Fore part a good breeze blowing from the
South west Steering East by south middle wind
gone and plenty rain Latter part wind backed
from the N^W East course SEast no
observation this day

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett

Friday Oct 12th 1849

Commenced with a moderate breeze from the S.E. middle part wind about the same with frequent showers of rain. Latter part wind sailed to the eastward still moderate steering by the wind
Lat 35° 20' Longitude 61'

Saturday Oct 13th

Commenced with a rim breeze from the N.W. West middle part working ~~and~~ to the Eastward. Latter part wind continued to haul until it got to the South steering E.S.E. Lat 34° 9' Long 58'

Sunday Oct 14th

Commenced with a moderate breeze from the South with frequent squalls of wind and rain middle part wind increased with a steady rain but the ship under double reefed topsail. Latter part rain still continued wind more moderate shook the reef out of the topsail set main top gallant sail & by 10 Course E by E. Lat 34° 2' Long 55'

Monday Oct 15th

Commenced with light winds from the south and fair weather middle part calm. Latter part still holds calm. Lat 33° 50' Long 53° 18' & on the last 24 hours without anything remarkable to report.

Tuesday Oct 16th 1849

Commenced with a calm an clear day it being the first fair day since our departure middle part wind breeze from the North East. Latter part wind increased to a good whole sail breeze steering South East Lat 33° 11' Long 52'

Wednesday Oct 17th 1849

Commenced with a strong breeze from the East middle part wind continues strong. Latter part wind and weather about the same nothing remarkable occurred. Course E.S.E. steering by the wind heading S.E. Lat Longitude saw a sail of a vessel which proved to be a full rigged brig standing by the wind to the East.

to San Francisco California on board Bark Orion
Thursday Oct-19th

Commenced with a strong breeze from the East -
and fine weather. started morning 10 miles - back stay
and sprung the mast above the rigging and the part
wind about the same. Latter part wind and weather do - do
steering by the wind heading S E East Latitude 31.34 Long 49.43

Friday Oct-19th

Commenced with a strong breeze from the East and fine
weather. ran a sail of our fore quarter standing to the north
middle part wind rather more moderate. Latter part
wind moderate and unsteady steering by the wind
Lat 29° 48' Long 48° 43'

Saturday Oct-20th

Commenced with very light winds from the East -
and clear weather. middle part winds light - latter part
wind light and fine weather steering by the wind
Lat 27° 56' Long 47.26

Sunday Oct-21st

Commenced with light winds from E S East heading
South middle part Calm. Latter part light
breeze from East heading S E Lat 27.08° Long 46.52

Monday Oct-22

Commenced with light winds from East middle
part calm. Latter part light air from the N W
steering E by S Lat 26° 57' Long 46° 48'

Tuesday Oct-23rd 1849

Commenced with light air from the N W steering
E by S middle part rainy wind East latter part
do Lat 26° 38' Long 45° 34'

Wednesday Oct-24th 1849

Commenced with strong breezes and frequent
squalls made and took in sail at occasion required
middle & latter the same steering by the wind
heading South Lat 25° 13' Long 44° 44'

Thursday Oct-25th 1849

First part steering by the wind heading south
wind E by S middle and latter part squally
made & took in sail at occasion required
Lat 23° 26' Long 44° 38'

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett

Friday Oct 26th 1849

Commenced with light wind from the E middle and latter part the same a sail in sight on the horizon
Lat 22° 13" Long 44° 30"

Saturday Oct 27th 1849

Commenced with light winds from S & E steering by the wind heading East middle & latter part the same
Lat 22° 05" Long 44° 28"

Sunday Oct 28th 1849

Commenced with light winds from the South heading by the wind ~~South~~ East middle & latter part fresh breeze heading by the wind E by S

Lat 22° 31" Long 42° 26"

Monday Oct 29th 1849

First part light winds from S & E at 6 PM Calm from 7 to midnight strong breeze from the East steering by the wind heading South latter part rainy wind the same

Lat 21° 26" Long 42° 18"

Tuesday Oct 30th 1849

First part wind E & S steering by the wind heading South middle part the same latter part exchanged Longitude with a french ship steering West
Lat 19° 43" Long 41° 28"

Wednesday Oct 31st 1849

First part fresh gale from E & S steering by the wind heading South. Saw a ship which passed across our bow steering west middle part pleasant latter part equally made and took in sail as occasion required
Lat 19° 53" Long 41° 30"

Thursday November 1st 1849

First part fresh gale from the E & S steering by the wind heading South middle part the same with fine weather latter part the same

Lat 15° 50" Long 41° 42"

Friday Nov 2nd 1849

Commenced with strong breeze from the East steering by the wind heading S & E by S middle and latter part ditto with squalls made and took in sail as occasion required

to San Francisco California on board bark Ocean
Lat 13° 45" Long 41° 17"

Saturday Nov 3rd 1849

Commenced with fair weather & fresh breeze steering
by the wind heading S by East & calm in the
evening middle part squall with a strong breeze
from the ENE. Latter part fair weather wind the
same saw a sail up our lee going to Northward

Lat 12° 06" Long 40° 39"

Sunday Nov 4th 1849

Commenced with fair weather and strong breeze
from the ENE steering by the wind heading
SE middle part the same except slight variations
in the wind Latter part ditto

Lat 10° 18' Long 40° 06"

Monday Nov 5th 1849

Commenced with light winds from ESE
steering ~~E~~ by the wind heading South
at 6 PM lowered the boat and tried the current
found a strong current running SE 1/2 W
middle & Latter part fresh breeze heading SE 1/2 E

Lat 9° 03" Long 39° 06"

Tuesday Nov 6th 1849

Commenced with fresh gale from ENE steering
by the wind heading SE called a meeting
of the company at 6 PM to act upon certain
articles recommended by the board of directors and
likewise to determine upon the qualification of
the second mate in the Starboard watch it not
being determined upon at that it was adjourned until
the latter part of the day when the said second mate
resigned his commission middle & latter part fresh gale
from the ENE and squally made and run in sail as
occasion required

Lat 7° 33' Long

Wednesday Nov 7th 1849

Commenced with squally weather wind ESE steering
by the wind heading S by E. Gallant sails furled
single reefed fore top sail middle part made all sail
latter part pleasant ship carpenters employed in
making main topmast Lat 6° 05" Long 38° 25'

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett to San

Thursday Nov 8th 1849

Commenced with a good breeze and fair weather
Wind E & SE steering by the wind heading South
at 4 PM squally took in Top Gallant sails at 6 set
them middle and latter part pleasant

Lat 4° 27' Long 37° 35'

Friday Nov 9th 1849

Commenced with moderate breeze from E steering by the
wind heading SE middle part squally took
in Top Gallant sail and fly jib Latter part pleasant
made all sail

Lat 2° 56' Long by Chron 37° 28'

By Lunar 37° 54'

Saturday Nov 10th 1849

Commenced with moderate winds from E steering
by the wind heading SE middle part tacked ship
heading NE Latter the same Lat 2° 43' no ~~Lat 2° 43'~~
this day although it is clear & pleasant

Sunday Nov 11th 1849

Commenced with moderate winds from the E tacked
ship heading SE by S middle part tacked ship
and headed NE Latter part the same fine weather

Lat 2° 02' Longitude 37° 40' West

Monday Nov 12th 1849

Commenced with light winds from E & SE steering
by the wind heading NE middle & latter part
about the same heading NE by E

Lat 3° 04' N Long 37° 00' West

Tuesday Nov 13th 1849

Commenced with a good breeze and fine weather
wind SE by E steering by the wind heading NE by E
middle & latter part the same

Lat 4° 04' N Long 35° 42' West

Wednesday Nov 14th 1849

Commenced with fine weather and a good breeze
from SE by E steering by the wind heading
NE by E middle part the same Latter part wind
hauled farther to the south heading E by S

Lat 5° 27' Long 36° 09' West

San Francisco California on board Bark Oscar
Thursday Nov 15th 1849

Commenced with fine and pleasant weather
and a good breeze from S.E. steering by the
wind heading E by S. pleasant at 6 PM tacked
to the south. Squally and rainy 11 AM tacked to
the N.E. Latter part heading N.E. by E. wind E.E.
and squally. Lat 53° 34' N Long 53° 15' West.

Friday Nov 16th 1849

Commenced with squally weather steering by the wind
heading N.E. by E. wind S.E. middle part fair
Latter part squally & rainy heading to N.E. by E.
wind E.N.E. No Observation to day

Saturday Nov 17th 1849

Commenced with smart squalls accompanied
with rain took in top gallant sail and double
reefed the topsail & furlled the fore & main sail
at 6 PM wore ship to the N.E. middle & Latter part
squally. Lat 51° 04' N Long 52° 07' West

Sunday Nov 18th 1849

Commenced with fair weather at 4 PM squally made
and took in sail as occasion required at 2 PM tacked
ship to the south heading to the S.W. wind E by S
middle part fair Latter part squally & rainy heading
S wind E by S. No Observation to day

Monday Nov 19th 1849

Commenced with fair ~~but~~ weather steering by the
wind heading N.E. at 6 PM tacked ship to the south
heading S.E. by S wind E.N.E. Middle part squally
Latter part ditto. No Observation to day

Tuesday Nov 20th 1849

Commenced with fair weather wind S.E. steering by
the wind heading E.N.E. middle part squally Latter part
pleasant and calm. Lat 51° 01' Long 50° 22'

Wednesday Nov 21st 1849

Commenced with pleasant weather and calm a sail in
sight upon our starboard bow had a tooth on the day jaws
very sore at 6 PM a light breeze from E by S heading

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett to

S E middh and latter part the same

Lat $6^{\circ}22'$ Long $30^{\circ}00'$ W

Thursday Nov 22nd 1849

First part light winds from E by S steering by the wind heading South middh part squally made and took in sail as occasion required

Latter part cloudy No Observation

Friday Nov 23rd 1849

First part squally heading by S E wind E by S middh part tacked ship heading N E Latter part tacked again heading South

Lat $4^{\circ}54'$ N Long $28^{\circ}30'$ W

Saturday Nov 24th 1849

First part squally spoke a french brig from the coast of Africa bound to France middh part fair latter part squally a bark in sight to weather suppose a whalman wind from the E steering by heading S by E

No Observation this day

Sunday Nov 25th 1849

First part commenced with pleasant weather spoke the sail in sight which proved to be the Bark Concordia, French, 46 days from Sagharbour middh part still pleasant with the S E trade steering by the wind heading S E West latter part the same except a cant of the wind 2 points heading S by E

Lat $2^{\circ}24'$ N Long $27^{\circ}2'$ W

Monday Nov 26th 1849

First part pleasant weather steering by the wind heading S by E middh part the same Latter part passed the ship Allinda of Boston which is still in sight upon our lee bow

Lat $00^{\circ}48'$ N Long $30^{\circ}10'$ W

San Francisco California on board Bark Oscar
Tuesday Nov 27th 1849

First part fine weather fresh gales from the SE
steering by the wind heading SW by S the allinda
still in sight & point of our lee bow also a sail
in sight upon our lee quarter Middle & Latter
part the same Lat 1° 45' S Long 31° 40' W

Wednesday Nov 28th 1849

First part fine weather strong breeze from SE
steering by the wind heading SW by S spoke
a brig from Buenos Ayres bound to Baltimore and
put letters on board Middle & Latter part the same
a sail of our lee beam. Lat 3° 11' S Long 33° 26'

Thursday Nov 29th 1849

First part fine weather and strong breeze from
SE steering by the wind heading SW by S at 4 PM
tacked ship heading E a sail in sight upon our
lee quarter Middle part fine weather tacked ship to South
2 sails in sight upon our lee beam Latter part the same
Lat 4° 14' S Long 33° 26' West

Friday Nov 30th 1849

First part fine weather and good breeze from SE
steering by the wind heading SW by S 2 sails in
sight upon our lee beam 1 of them a brig steering to
the south the other can not distinguish her middle part
the same Latter part spoke the brig that was of our
lee from Baltimore bound to Philadelphia 38 days out -
passed a bark and brig bound to the north another
sail in sight upon our lee Lat 6° 16' S Long 34° 25'

Saturday Dec 1st 1849

First part fine weather and strong SE trades steering by
the wind heading SW at 6 PM saw the land under our
lee middle part the same Latter part little a number of
sails in sight - saw the city of Oporto & Pernambuco steering S by W
half W Lat 8° 24' S Long 34° 35'
Small shudding sail set

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett to San

Sunday Dec 2^d 1849

First part moderate trade 2 sail in sight and the land under our lee steering by the wind heading S by W¹/₂ West middle part the same latter part moderate wind saw a number of sail steering S by W¹/₂ West no land in sight Lat 10° 39' S Long 35° 09' West

Monday Dec 3^d 1849

First part moderate trade passed a big land North steering S by W¹/₂ West middle part steering S by W¹/₂ West latter part the same saw two sail Lat 12° 54' S Long 35° 25' W

Tuesday Dec 4th 1849

First part moderate and pleasant steering S by W¹/₂ West middle saw 2 sail bound to the Northward latter part a sail in sight astern and coming up with us no attraction in wind or weather Lat 16° 37' S Long 36° 00' W

Wednesday Dec 5th 1849

First part moderate spoke the Mulhingen of Portland 32 days from New York for Buenos Ayres middle part pleasant steering S by W¹/₂ West latter part the same the M still in sight of our lee bow Lat 16° 52' S Long 36° 08'

Thursday Dec 6th 1849

First part the M still in sight wind moderate weather pleasant a sail passed to the Eastward of us bound to the north middle part wind do latter part the M and two other sail in sight steering S by W¹/₂ West wind aft N by E Lat 18° 29' S Long ~~36° 25'~~ 37° 00' West

Friday Dec 7th 1849

First part wind moderate weather pleasant the M still in sight also another ^{sail} on our starboard bow middle part weather the same latter part the M still in sight passed a brig steering same course S by W¹/₂ West till 10 o'clock and then kept her off S by W wind N by E Lat 20° 05' S Long 37° 55'

San Francisco On board Bark Cedar

Saturday ~~Nov~~ ^{Dec} 8th 1849

First part good breeze from N^WE steering S^W.
the M still in sight 4 points on our Starboard bow
and the brig ~~fast~~ as far as can be seen from the deck astern
middle part wind veered to the S^W pleasant
Latter part wind worked into S^W blowing a
strong breeze with in top gallant sail rainy steering
by the wind to the S^E. No Observation this day

Sunday Dec 9th 1849

First part strong breeze from S^W ship under double
reefed topsails steering by the wind heading S^W West
middle part the same Latter part moderate made
all sail 4 sail in sight 3 of them bound to the North
and one of them on the same tack with us

Lat 22° 08' S Long 39° 29' West

Monday Dec 10th 1849

First part moderate wind from S by W steering by
heading W by S a sail in sight upon our lee quarter
middle part Calm Latter part Light ^{air} from S^W steering
by the wind heading ~~S^W~~ S^E

Lat 22° 10' S Long 40° 19' West

Tuesday Dec 11th 1849

First Light air from S^W heading S^E 5 pm we
ship heading S^W by W 4 or 6 sail in sight part of the
time middle part pleasant wind do Latter part wind of
the land which is in sight went alongside of a fish boat and
traded for some fish a sail in sight of our Weather quarter
wind W heading S^W

Lat 22° 42' S Long 40° 53' W

68 Days

Wednesday Dec 12th 1849

First part a good Breeze from S^E steering course N^W by N
a sail still in sight Cape San in sight a point of our lee
bow about 20 miles distant middle part wind heaved to N^E
passed the cape and kept the ship of West Latter part the same
the Sugar loaf in sight

Journal of a voyage from Nattapoisett to

Thursday Dec 13th 1849

First part arrived at Rio Janeiro and anchored about 4 o'clock middle part stood anchor watch Latter part sent down main topmast and starboard watch on shore

Friday Dec 14th 1849

First part sent up new main topmast middle part anchor watch Latter part sent up top gallant mast and employed in setting up rigging Starboard watch on shore

Saturday Dec 15th 1849

First part finished sending up spars & binding sails a dutch vessel swung about of us and took of our fly jib Boom middle part anchor watch Latter part Starboard watch on shore commenced taking in water & recruits

Sunday Dec 16th 1849

First part finished taking in water &c middle part anchor watch Latter part took our anchors and went to sea in company with the bark Gold Hunter of Bangor Maine

Monday Dec 17th 1849

First part Light air from ESE passed Rio light about 5 o'clock PM stirring S by S middle part wind NE Latter part wind hauled to the off S by stirring by heading S by E the 4 Hunters in sight upon our Starboard beam spliced our fly jib boom and sent it out
Lat. 24° 04' S Long 43° 40' W

Tuesday Dec 18th 1849

First strong breeze from S by stirring by the wind heading SE by E doubled reefed the top sails middle part moderate made all sail Latter part calm Lat 24° 24' Long

Wednesday Dec 19th 1849

First part calm Latter at 4 PM Light air from ESE stirring E by S middle & Latter part fresh gale passed a brig standing to the N by
Lat 26° 15' S Long 46° 50'

San Francisco California On board Par's

Thursday Dec 20th 1849

First part fresh gale from NE stirring & puff
middle part the same Latter part wind veered to NNE
stirring & puff by & a sail in sight upon our starboard bow
Lat 28° 52' S Long

Friday Dec 21st 1849

First part fresh gale from NE stirring & puff by &
middle part stirring & puff by & squally with rain Latter
part wind N by E Lat 31° 05' Long 48° 29'

Saturday Dec 22nd

First part light air from the S heading by W by S middle
part heading S by S latter part wind S by S heading
S by S Lat 31° 55' Long 49° 46'

Sunday Dec 23rd 1849

First part fresh gale from the S by S heading by SE
at 5 PM tacked to the westward Latter part calm
Lat 32° 38' S Long 50° 15'

Monday Dec 24th 1849

First part light air from the N stirring & S by S
middle part strong gale at 6 PM wind changed
to the S by S took in all sail but close reefed topsails
and foresail blowing a gale heading S by S
Lat 34° 38' S Long 50° 17'

Tuesday Dec 25th 1849

First part blowing a heavy gale from S by S heading by
to the SE under close reefed topsails and foresail
middle part the same latter part more moderate set
the mainsail and jib heading S by S wind N by N
Lat 35° 42' S Long 50° 12'

Journal of a voyage from Nantapocsett to

Thursday Dec 27th 1849

First part strong gale from N^W steering S^W by S
at 6 PM wind S^W heading by S^E by S took in all sail
but close reefed main topsail and foresail blowing heavy
Latter part moderate made sail heading by W by N wind
S by W
Lat 36° 47' S Long 50° 22' W

Friday Dec 28th 1849

First part calm at 3 PM light air from the westward
heading by S by W all sail set middle part strong gale
from N^W steering S^W by S Latter part strong gale from
the West & rain under double reefed topsail and courses
Lat 38° 38' S Long 51° 32' W

Saturday Dec 29th 1849

First part tacked to the West wind South middle
part the same at 9 AM tacked to the S^E heading S^E
wind S^W by S Lat 38° 40' S Long 53° 50' W

Sunday Dec 30th 1849

First part heading S^E wind S^W by S fine weather
all sail set middle part the same Latter wind N^W steering
S^W by S the ship Cicero. Six 3^d months from New Bedford
chan
Lat 41° 17' S Long 55° 55'

Monday Dec 31st 1849

First part fresh gale from S^W by W took in every thing but
double reefed topsail and fore sail middle part the same
Latter part more moderate made sail steering by heading
S by E Lat 43° 28' S Long 53° 26'

Tuesday Jan 1st 1850

First part fresh breeze from S^W steering S^W at 6 PM
took in every thing but double reefed main topsail and foresail
heading by middle part wind veered to S^W heading by
S^E by S Latter part wind veered to W heading by S by W
set the fore topsail close reefed mainsail & fore
Lat 44° 40' S Long 54° 44' W

San Francisco California on board Barb Coras

Wednesday Jan 2^d 1850

First part fresh gales from ^W by ^W heading by ^S at 3 P.M. furl'd the ^{ft} and main sail and kept her off ^S at 4 P.M. ch'd reef'd the main top sail and furl'd the fore top sail blowing heavy accompanied by rain middle part pleasant and calm latter part the same

Lat 44° 54' S Long 56° 08' W

Thursday Jan 3^d 1850

First part strong gales from ^W steering ^S by ^W at 6 P.M. wind hauled to the westward heading by ^S middle part about calm latter part the same

Lat 45° 53' S Long 56° 15'

Friday Jan 4th 1850

First part moderate light winds from ^S by ^W heading by ^S & 2 sail in sight to weather of us standing to the South middle part calm latter part breeze from the south heading by ^W a bark in sight upon our lee bow steering to the westward

Lat 45° 53' S Long 57° 25' W

Saturday Jan 5th 1850

First part fresh breezes from the ^S by ^S heading by ^W at 6 P.M. tack'd ship to the South heading ^S middle part the same and blowing heavy from ^S under short sail latter part more moderate made sail

Lat 46° 34' S Long 56° 45' W

Sunday Jan 6th 1850

First moderate and pleasant with light winds from ^S by ^S heading by ^S at 6 P.M. wind veer'd to the westward heading ^S by ^E at 8 P.M. wind ^W steering ^S by ^W middle and latter part the same

Lat 47° 30' S Long 58° 30' W

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett to Lunenburg

Monday Jan 7th 1850

First part fine weather wind from N^W heading
at 6 P M wind ^{up} ~~up~~ heading by S by E middle
part heading by ~~wind~~ ^{SE} ~~up~~ ^{up} Latter part heading S by E
Lat 49° 25' Long 59° 19'

Tuesday Jan 8th 1850

First part heading by S by E wind ^{up} by S made
and took in sail as occasion required middle part heading
S by W at 6 P M saw the Fishland Islands south 15-
miles distance at 6 A M kept of E at noon close in with
V E point Lat 51° 19' Long 58° 10'

Wednesday Jan 9th 1850

First part steering past the East part of the Islands wind
^{up} ~~up~~ middle part steering S ^{up} wind W by N Latter part
wind S ^{up} heading by S by E
Lat 53° 30' Long 58° 30'

Thursday Jan 10th 1850

First part tacked heading by ^{up} N ^{up} middle part the same
wind ^{up} by S Latter part Branches Island in sight
bearing 120 miles distant heading by S ^{up} wind W by N
Lat 53° 18' Long 59° 24'


Friday Jan 11th 1850

First part wind ^{up} by N fine weather heading by S ^{up} ^{up}
middle part squally wind N ^{up} by N heading by ^{up} ^{up} ^{up}
Latter part tacked ship heading by ^{up} ^{up} wind S by E
Lat 53° 50' Long 61° 17'

Saturday Jan 12th 1850


First part heading by ^{up} by S wind S double reefed
top sail middle part the same latter part moderate
made all sail heading by S wind E by S
Lat 53° 30' Long 64° 16'

San Francisco California on board Brd. Coar

 Sunday Jan 13th 1850


First part moderate heading by S by N wind & E by E
middle part the wind backing latter wind backed from
sterning S E Vera Del Congo and Staten land in sight
bound through Straits of La Maria

Lat 56° 23' Long 65° 20'

 Monday Jan 14th 1850

First part wind S by N on the straits La
Maria a sail in sight upon our starboard quarter
middle part wind the same sterning S by N latter part
more moderate made all sail Cape Horn bearing S by N
25 miles distant

Lat 56° 50' Long 67° 10'

 Tuesday Jan 15th 1850 100 Days

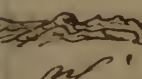
First part wind backed to the westward and commenced blowing
at 4 PM blowing heavy from the west all sail in but close reefed main
topsail and foresail heading S by N middle part the same latter
part a sail passed to weather of us bound to the N a 9 AM were ship
to the N heading N by N

Lat 56° 44' Long 66° 30'

Wednesday Jan 16th 1850

First part rather more moderate 3 sail in sight at the fore
topsail close reefed and reefed mainsail heading by N by N
middle part calm latter part a breeze from N by E made all sail
sterning S by N

Lat 56° 38' Long 68° 20'

 Thursday Jan 17th 1850

First part a fine breeze from N by E the Diego in sight at
4 PM bearing N by N 10 miles distant sterning N by S some
rainy 2 sail in sight 1 upon our weather quarter the other astern
middle part wind backed to N by N heading by N by N
latter part the same 2 sail in sight a bark upon our weather quarter
and a brig upon our lee beam

Lat 56° 55' Long 71° 50'

Journal of a voyage from Nantuxett to Van

Friday Jan 18th 1850

First part a good breeze from N by W heading by W
a bark in sight upon our weather bow and a brig upon our
lee quarter middle & Latter part the same
Spoke Ship George & Mary Middleton Lat 56° 24' Long 76° 38' of New London
2 months from Sandwich Islands for home & put letters on board of her

Saturday Jan 19th 1850

First part fine weather Wind N by E steering W by N
the brig in sight astern and the Bark upon our lee quarter
middle part wind veered to E by E steering N by W Latter part
the same the brig still in company

Lat 54° 40' S Long 78° 06' West

Sunday Jan 20th 1850

First part fine weather Wind E steering N by W exchanged
signals with the brig which showed the Hamburg flag
a sail in sight upon our lee quarter middle part steering
N by W Latter part the same a ship in sight of our bow

Lat 52° 04' S Long 80° 05'

Monday Jan 21st 1850

First part good weather wind E by E steering N by W
the brig still in sight astern and the ship of our lee beam
like the Ship Commerce 105 days from Philadelphia bound to
California by the way of Valparaiso middle part the same
Latter part moderate the Commerce in sight upon our
weather quarter another sail a point of our lee bow

Lat 49° 56' S Long 79° 50' W

Tuesday Jan 22nd 1850

First part light air from the E steering N by W 2 sail
in sight the Commerce and the one of our lee bow middle part
wind hauled to N by W steering by heading W by S Latter
part wind hauled to W by W steering by heading N by E
fine weather 3 sail in sight to windward

Lat 49° 07' Long 80° 36'

San Francisco California On Board Bark Osceola

Wednesday Jan 23 1850

First part fine weather wind S by W steering by heading R by E 2 sail in sight one steering to the south the other North middle part the same Latter part wind veered to the S by W steering R by W

Lat 46° 42' S Long 79° 56'

Thursday Jan 24th 1850

First part fine weather wind S by W steering R by W middle part wind veered to the W steering by heading R by W Latter part the same steering by at 9 a.m. tacked ship to the westward heading S by W

Lat. 46° 28' S Long 78° 51' W

Friday Jan 25th 1850

First part fine weather wind R by W steering by heading S by W exchanged signals with a brig which showed the Hamburg flag middle part wind and weather the same Latter part wind increased took in topgallant sails and reefed the topsails some rain no observation this day

Saturday Jan 26th 1850

First part thick weather wind S by W tacked to the North steering by heading R by W middle part strong breeze from the S by W steering R by W Latter part wind S by W steering R by W 2 sail in sight of our lee bow and one on our weather

Lat 41° 33' S Long 80° 10' W

Sunday Jan 27th 1850

First part fine weather wind W by S steering R by W passed the sail to the weather which proved a Brig steering the same course with us middle part wind veered to S by W and strong. Latter part wind S by W steering R by W the first discernable gun aloft astern 2 sail off our lee bow and 1 upon our lee quarter so ends this twenty four hours after running the longest distance run but us since we sailed 3 Degrees and 2 mile difference of Latitude

Lat 38° 31' S Long 80° 34'

Journal of a voyage from Nappawinett to San Francisco

Sunday Jan 28th 1850

First part fine weather wind steering N^W by N sail in sight upon our lee bow middle part the same. Latter part wind S^E by S steering N^W by N ~~passed an American ship steering by the wind to the westward~~ -
Lat 38° 31' Long 80° 34'
passed an American ship steering by the wind to the westward.
Lat 35° 46' Long 81° 29' up

Tuesday Jan 29th 1850

First part good weather wind S^E by S steering N^W by N middle and latter part the same
Lat 32° 48' Long 82° 25' up

Wednesday Jan 30th 1850

First part good weather wind S^E steering N^W by N middle part the same Latter part ~~moderate~~ wind varied to S^SE steering N^W by N Lat 29° 57' S Long 84° 09' up

Thursday Jan 31st 1850

First part good weather wind varied to S^E steering N^W by N middle part moderate Latter part the same
Lat 27° 44' S Long 88° 53' up

Friday Feb 1st 1850

First part good weather wind S^E and moderate middle part and latter part about calm steering N^W by N
Lat 26° 47' Long 84° 30' up

Saturday Feb 2nd 1850

First light airs from E steering N^W by N middle part the same wind varied to S^E latter part wind the same & fine weather
Lat 25° 19' Long 86° 11' up

Sunday Feb 3rd 1850

First part a good breeze from S^E and good weather steering N^W by N middle and latter part the same
Lat 23° 07' S Long 87° 10'

California on Board, Bark *Car* at Capt J. B. Gornin

Monday Feb 4th 1850

First part fine weather wind ESE steering N^W by N
middle and latter part the same

Lat 20° 58' Long 88° 05'

Tuesday Feb 5th 1850

First part fine weather wind ESE steering N^W by N
middle and latter part the same

Lat 18° 50' Long 89° 25' West

Wednesday Feb 6th 1850

First part fine weather wind ESE steering N^W by N
middle and latter part the same

Lat 16° 41' Long 90° 45'

Thursday Feb 7th 1850

First part fine weather wind ESE steering N^W by N
middle part good breeze and fine weather latter part moderate
nothing seen for the last number of days

Lat 14° 46' Long 91° 48' W

Friday Feb 8th 1850

First part moderate fine weather wind ESE steering
N^W by N middle and latter part the same an overcast
sky prevented an observation

Saturday Feb 9th 1850

First part moderate trades and fine weather wind SE
steering N^W by N middle and latter part the same

Lat 11° 30' Long 93° 36' W

Sunday Feb 10th 1850

First part moderate trades and fine weather wind ESE
middle part light air from E latter part calm

Lat 10° 48' S Long 93° 56' W

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett to

Monday Feb 11th 1850

First part fine weather and calm middle part light
air from the E steering N by E latter part light
breeze from ESE Lat 9° 52' S Long 96° 20' W

Tuesday Feb 12th 1850

First part fine weather and a good breeze from SE steering
N by E middle part the same Lat 8° 02' S Long 96° 24' W
the same

Wednesday Feb 13th 1850

First part fine weather and good breeze from SE
steering N by E middle part wind the same
steering N by E latter part from moderate
Lat 6° 13' S Long 96° 05'

Thursday Feb 14th 1850

First part fine weather wind moderate from SE
steering N by E middle and latter part the same
Lat 4° 23' S Long 96° 41' W

Friday Feb 15th 1850

First part fine weather wind moderate from SE
steering N by E middle and latter part the same
Lat 2° 55' S Long 96° 50' W

Saturday Feb 16th 1850

First part fine and moderate weather wind SE
steering N by E middle and latter part the same
Lat 1° 12' S Long 96° 51' W

Sunday Feb 17th 1850

First part fine weather and moderate wind SE
steering N by E middle & latter part the same
Lat 00° 37' N Long 96° 59' W

California On Board Bark Ocean John B. Davis Master

New a ship standing to the S E Lat 17° 55' Long 114° 50'

Sunday Feb Mar 3^d 1850

Bute Island bearing E N E

Distant 25 miles

First part strong breeze from N N E

staring by heading N W Bute Island in sight 25 miles distant

middle part about calm latter part the wind light and cloudy
~~no observation to day~~ Lat 18° 45' N 115° 57' W

Monday March 4th 1850

First part the wind N by E staring by heading N N W
cloudy weather and cool middle part wind hauled to
at 2 tacked ship to the eastward at 5 tacked to
at 6 tacked again to the Eastward heading N E by E
Lat 19° 24' N Long 116° 11'

50 days from

Cape Horn

Tuesday March 5th 1850

First part the wind N N W staring by heading N N W
cloudy weather. raised a ship upon our weather
boat and went on board of her she proved to
be a New York from San Francisco 8 days before
and Calcutta and at 8 P M tacked ship
heading N N W middle part strong breeze from
squally heading N N W by E latter part
and hazy heading N N W Lat 19° 55' N

Wednesday March 6th 1850

First part strong breeze from N E by N and cloudy
fly jib and Gaff Taperail furled staring by heading N N W
middle part the same and a heavy swell heaving
N N W and has been for a week past Latter part strong
breeze heading N N W by N Lat 21° 42' N No observation for

Thursday March 7th 1850

First part strong breeze from N E by N and cloudy
heading N N W took in fly jib and Gaff Taperail middle
moderate wind veered to the Eastward heading N N W
part strong breeze heading N N W

Lat 23° 21' N Long 122°

Journal of a voyage from Mattapoisett to

Friday March 8th 1850

First part strong breeze and cloudy wind. R. P. E. steering by heading N. by N. middle part the same. Latter part weather the same steering by heading N. by N.

Lat 25° 16' N Long 124° 38' W

Saturday March 9th 1850

First part strong from P. E. and some squally steering by heading N. by N. middle part the same heading N. by N. Latter part strong breeze steering by heading N. by N.

Lat 27° 28' N Long 126° 04' W

Sunday March 10th 1850

strong breeze from P. E. and cloudy steering by heading N. by N. middle part moderate heading. Latter part ~~wind hauled to the S. by N. give her~~

calm

Lat 28° 42' N Long 126° 44'

Monday March 11th 1850

airs from P. E. steering by heading N. by N. but calm. Latter part wind breezed from the S. sail steering N. by N.

Lat 29° 55' N Long 126° 54'

Tuesday March 12th 1850

ing breeze from S. W. and cloudy at 1 P. M.

up N. by N. and squally steering by heading N. by E. got sail and put a single reef in the topsails - the same. Latter part shook out the reef out of sail and at the main top gallant sail passed the date Brig bound to the south wind the same

Lat 32° 30' N Long 125° 50'

San Francisco California on Board Bark Oscar

Wednesday March 13th 1850

First part strong breeze from the West steering by heading N by W middle part the same main top gallant sail set shook the reef out the fore & mizzen Latter part more moderate made all sail a heavy swell heaving from the N^W
Lat 34° 41' Long 125° 08' W

Thursday March 14th 1850

First part quite moderate wind from N by E steering by heading N a heavy swell heaving from S^W middle part the same Latter part wind hauled to the S^W steering N by E
Lat 36° 28' Long 124° 20'

Friday March 15th 1850

First part strong breeze from S^W steering N by E cloudy weather middle part took in some ^{of our} light sails at 9^{PM} furled the top gallant sails and put a single reef in the fore & mizzen at 12^{PM} brought the ship to the wind with main yard aback headed to the N^W Latter part at 3^{PM} wore ship headed to the S^E at 5^{PM} kept the ship off and made sail steering E by E at 10^{PM} raised up the land bearing N^E
Lat 37° 21' N Long 122° 35' W

Saturday March 16th 1850

First part strong breeze from the W steering N^E by E at 5^{PM} took a pilot from the Sch. A. Walto who had put a pilot on board the ship John Jay of New Bedford which sailed 8 days before us a bark upon our Starboard quarter also bound in and a full rigged brig beating out entered the bay of San Francisco at 1^{PM} and dropped our anchor at 8^{PM} before the town of San Francisco ~~and~~ middle part stood anchor watch Latter part went on shore and took a survey of matters and things in general also visited the Splendid and Bark Sarah. 159 days passage from Mattapoisett

Sunday March 17th 1850

First part good weather all going to and from the ship wind N^W by N middle and latter part the same

Journal kept after arriving at

Sunday March 18th 1850

First part had a meeting of the company and voted to move the ship up to Benicia on Thursday morning wind and weather permitting all hands going to and from the shore good weather wind to the westward all the 24 hours

Tuesday March 19th 1850

First part good weather wind to the westward all going to and from the shore middle and latter part the same
Sold a whale boat bought in Sag Harbor for \$45 for \$160

Wednesday March 20th 1850

Commenced with with light breezes from S. W.
One Watch on shore the other employed breaking out provisions to pay our expenses in San Francisco
P. M. Fine breezes from S. W. one Watch on shore the other stowing the hold and heating provisions on shore at sunset the watch came off
In the evening held a meeting of the company voted to sell the mining tools tents &c
Charles H. Church serving as auctioneer
at 9 o'clock picked up a boat adrift

Thursday March 21st 1850

A. M. Commenced with the wind S. W. and pleasant
held a meeting of the company, chose a Committee to buy mining tools for the same to make up the deficiency, at 9 A. M. the boats went on shore
P. M. Charles A. Rounseville left the Company
Strong sea breeze weather cool. Evening cool and raining

San Francisco California

Friday, March 22nd 1850

A. M. At anchor in San Francisco harbor with light air from N. N. W. with steady rain at 10 o'clock the boat went on shore for a pilot and returned again about 11. P. M. light breeze from S. W. and hazy at noon have shot in our cable and took our anchor & staid up the bay with a fair tide bound to Benicia. at 2 P. M. anchored again tide serving ahead and calm. at sunset took in our light-sails and clewed our topsails down.

Saturday March 23rd 1850

A. M. Commences with light airs from the westward and hazy at 7 A. M. took our anchor and got underweigh standing up river the tide serving in our favour
8th A. M. Lowered a boat she went on shore after game
At noon spoke Bark Concord of Portland 160 days
P. M. 2 o'clock Entered the Bay of San. Pablo.
At 6 P. M. came to anchor at Benicia.

Sunday, March 24th 1850

A. M. Commences with fresh breezes from N. W. and hazy at 8 P. M. Boat went up to New York
P. M. Fresh breezes up the river some on shore at Church at 4 boat returned from New York
Isaac N. Alden taken with Dysentery

Monday March 25th 1850

A. M. Commences with fresh breezes from N. W. and hazy at 8 A. M. held a meeting of the Company voted to proceed up the river to New York with the ship P. M. strong breezes and hazy

Journal kept at anchor at Benicia California

Tuesday March 26th 1850

Commenced with fresh Breeze from the S. W.
at 8 A. M. had a meeting of the company
P. M. Broke out for coal to go on shore Evening
strong breeze from S. W. at 9 O'clock a steamer arrived
from San Francisco bringing news of the arrival
of the Panama Steamer

Wednesday March 27th 1850

A. M. Commenced with light breezes from the
westward and pleasant 9 O'clock the company met
and divided swimming into one watch on shore the
other on duty. At 10 Steam Saw came along side after
coal. Nathan H. Barstow left the company. The company
having previously voted that members were at liberty to
leave by giving notice thereof and paying 5 dollars per
day for every other days labour performed by the company
P. M. wind about the same. Evening pleasant

Thursday March 28th 1850

A. M. Commenced with fresh breezes from the westward
and pleasant. At 8 O'clock held a meeting of the company
Voted. To take the ship up the river to New York
At 3 P. M. Pilot came on board to take us up the river
Company employed in various ways some making Washers
pick handlets some washing their clothes and some Lounging
about
Evening. Calm and pleasant. Some sick with bad
colds and some down with Dysentery

Journal kept after leaving Benicia

Friday March 29th 1850

A. M. At 8 O'clock here short our cable took our anchor for New York. and drifted up river with the tide at Meridian grounded upon a bar in Suisun Bay. Got out kedge anchors and made exertions to get the ship off but she resisted our efforts. Sunset Low water ship lying upon her beam ends.

Saturday March 30th 1850

A. M. 3 O'clock Strong breeze from the westward called all hands and got the ship off. at 6. grounded again and lay the tide. P. M. 2 O'clock ship started parted our kedge warp and lost the kedge nothing more of interest occurred until our arrival at New York where we arrived at 4 O'clock and came to anchor furled our sails made all snug and got supper retired for the night.

Journal kept at New York. California
Junction of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers

Sunday. March 31st 1850

Commenced with a strong breeze from the westward and fine weather all hands passing to and from the shore. P. M. Weather continues fine Evening Ditto

Journal kept at New York California

Monday April 1st 1850

Commenced with strong breezes from the westward and cool. At 8 A.M. & 9 O'clock held a meeting of the Company. Voted. To land all the freight belonging to the company and likewise freight belonging to individuals where it would not interfere with their bills of lading.

Voted. That one watch be employed in discharging the other to employ themselves as they saw fit.

Voted. To send on shore and buy a bullock for the company. At 9 a party of the Starboard Watch went on shore in pursuit of Game.

At 10 A.M. commenced rafting lumber of deck.

P.M. Fine weather at 2 O'clock sent one raft upon shore at 4 sent another. At 5 the boat came alongside with a Bullock. Evening. Cool and windy.

Tuesday April 2^d 1850

Commenced with fine weather. Starboard Watch employed breaking out and rafting lumber the other Watch amusing themselves in various ways.

P.M. Fine weather still continues at 4 Landed a raft of lumber. Sunset all hands aboard.

Thomas. C. Saunders taken with the Synderby. Evening. Fine weather and cool at 12 O'clock mail steamer arrived at New York.

Journal kept at New York California

Wednesday April 3^d 1850

Commenced with light air from the west and pleasant
Starboard Watch employed in rafting lumber on
shore. Thomas. J. Delano our first officer left the
company. Starboard Watch filling for the mines
Stephen Turner. and Wm. Hoar left the Company

P. M. Wind and weather much the same
Evening pleasant and cool lying at anchor

Thursday April 4th 1850

Commenced with a calm and warm Starboard Watch
employed in breaking out and rafting lumber
Starboard Watch ashore filling for the mines
P. M. The same routine of duty as usual.
At 6 P. M. Had an auction and sold our sheet iron for
gold Washers. Evening. Cool and cloudy

Friday April 5th 1850

Commenced with light airs from the westward
Starboard Watch employed in breaking out and
rafting lumber and other freight on shore

P. M. Weather squally accompanied with some rain
the same routine of duty as usual. Some articles were
divided among the company viz nails Liquors &c

Evening. Cool and rainy a number sick with bad
colds Diarrhea and Dysentery

Journal kept at New York California

Saturday April 6th 1850

Commences. With fine breeze from the westward and pleasant weather Starboard Watch employed in breaking out rafting iron. Larboard Watch ashore fitting for the mines
P. M. Light breeze from the west
Evening. Cool and pleasant

Sunday April 7th 1850

Commences. with light airs and rainy all hands idling about -
P. M. Still rainy and very unpleasant
Evening. The ship grounded upon a bar and lay upon her beam ends

Monday April 8th 1850

Commences with light airs from the Westward and fine weather Larboard Watch employed in discharging iron Starboard Watch fitting for the mines
P. M. Weather still fine the same routine of duty as usual at 4 sent down Royal Yards and Studding sail booms
Evening. Cool. Steamer Mint came alongside after coal for which we had to whistle for our pay

Fireworks on fire which make a grand and imposing sight in the Evening

Tonsaks seen marsh covered with long rushes which are frequently set on fire by the boatmen plying in the river

Journal kept at New York California

Tuesday April 9th 1850

Commences with strong winds from the E. N. E.
Starboard Watch employed in unloading ship.
Larboard Watch fitting for the mines

P. M. Strong winds from the E. N. E same routine of duty. Sent down 2nd Gallant yards and hauled our topgallant mast. Unbent the sails stored them in cash and unrove the running rigging. Rigged in fly jib and Spanker booms and got the ship snug to lay her up side of the bank of the river

Evening. Strong winds and cool but pleasant

Wednesday April 10th 1850

Commences with light airs from the Westward and fine weather. Larboard Watch employed in getting the ship ready to haul into the bank
Starboard Watch fitting for the mines

P. M. hauled the ship into the bank and secured her temporarily.

Evening. cool and pleasant

Thursday April 11th 1850

Commences with a calm and pleasant weather
Starboard Watch employed in breaking out coal and shifting some articles from the Starboard side to the Larboard in order to give the ship a list in shore

P. M. pleasant weather same routine of duty

Evening. Weather much the same

Journal kept at New York California

Friday April 12th 1850

A. M. Commences with fine weather at sunrise a boats crew started down river to Susan Bay in pursuit of our hedge anchor. Starboard Watch employed in ships duty.

P. M. The same routine of duty hauled the ship astern and moved her, at 4 the boat returned without having found the anchor.

Evening. Pleasant weather the ship lying upon her beam ends.

Saturday April 13th 1850

A. M. Commences with fine weather at 8 O'clock held a meeting of the company, at 10. three of our members left for the mines, at 11. the Steamer Governor Dana came alongside to take some coal having bargained for the same a few days previous.

P. M. 1 O'clock. Held a meeting of the company Chas. Solomon, H. Eaton. as our ~~Act~~ Agent to do the remaining business of the company, and in remuneration for his services is to have the use of the ship as a store house, and boarding likewise to receive 15 per cent for all sales made by him for the company. Voted to dissolve the company having but one negative voice.

Evening. Pleasant weather but cool

Sunday April 14th 1850

A. M. Commences with strong breeze from N.E. and pleasant weather all hands going to and from the shore P. M. Much the same
Evening pleasant but cool

Journal kept at New York California

Monday April 15th 1850

A. M. Commences with fine weather 10 men of the Company employed in securing the ship to the bank putting up shores for her to rest on and c. The remainder sitting for the mines.

P. M. Strong breeze from the N. E. same routine of duty.

Evening. pleasant but cool

Tuesday April 16th 1850

A. M. Commences with strong breeze from the West. 4 men employed upon the ship sending down Lower yards building brought down. The remainder sitting for the mines with all possible dispatch

P. M. Strong breeze from the West same routine of duty.

Evening. Pleasant but cool

Wednesday April 17th 1850

A. M. Commences with fine weather light air from the west.

P. M. Our Company ready to start for the mines Evening pleasant but cool the boat not coming for us we had to turn in on board the Oscar once more Capt. Joseph R. Taber arrived from home one of our consignee's

Journal kept at New York California

Thursday April 18th 1850

P. M. Commences with strong breeze from the West, in waiting for the ship Sarah to embark for the mines

P. M. Took our departure for the mines in ship Sarah by the of Stockton.

Evening took up a slough of the river some 20 miles before we discovered our mistake hauled into the toulaks and made the ship fast passed the most uncomfortable night that I ever experienced

Friday April 19th 1850

A. M. Hauled again the dawn of day in raptures of joy beat the ship back again into the main river and pursued our way to Stockton.

P. M. Light breeze from the westward at 4 o'clock arrived at Stockton and pitched our tents
Evening Fine weather but cool

Saturday April 20th 1850

Commences with a strong breeze and cool air remain camped in Stockton. striving to find out the best localities in the Southern Mines. P. M. Employed in much the same manner. Evening. pleasant but cool

Journal kept from recollection

Sunday April 21st 1850

A. M. Commences with a strong breeze and cool
still camped in Stockton
P. M. Much the same. Evening. pleasant & cool

Monday April 22^d 1850

A. M. Left Stockton for the mines in good
spirits and animated courage. P. M. Traveling
in pace with an ox team
Evening. Stopped and pitched our tents for
the night having traveled 12 miles our first ^{day} ~~stop~~
to

Tuesday April 23^d 1850

A. M. Arose early and having partook of a hasty
Breakfast pursued our journey in good spirits
Mercedian. Crossed the great Tuolumne River
Began to grow weary and tired
Evening encamped again 32 miles from Stockton
Same and tired enough.

Wednesday April 24th 1850

A. M. Arose early and partook of a hasty Breakfast
pursued our journey leg weary but in good spirits
P. M. continued traveling after the pace of an ox
team which was fast enough our legs trying to
refuse duty
Evening. encamped again having traveled 20
miles during the day and being 52 miles from
Stockton

Journal kept from Memory

Thursday April 25th 1850

A. M. Arose early and having partook of our
hasty meal pursued our journey
Meridian. Crossed the branch of the Calaveras
known as St Antoin's diggings
P. M. pursued our journey long weary
Evening. Encamped by a small stream 2
miles from Angels Camp. and diggings.

Friday April 26th 1850

A. M. Arose early and prospected the bed of the
stream and having found some gold left
3 men to work the day. the rest proceeded
to Angels Camp. Arrived and having
pitched our tents prepared for mining
P. M. prospected some and found some gold
4 O'clock the 3 men came into camp bringing
their mining tools with them having not
met with very good success.
Evening pleasant and cool soon retired for the
night

Saturday April 27th 1850

Arose early and shouldering our mining tools
to find a place that would pay for working
Meridian. returned and prepared and eat our
dinners. P. M. Set our cradles and went to work
in earnest returned at 5 O'clock 20 dollars
better off than we were at noon
Evening. Cool but pleasant

Journal kept from Notes

Sunday April 28th 1850

Arose and found myself in the mountain fastness of California, with no sound of the Church going bell to hasten my toilet and prepare myself for religious service. Spent my time in reading and rambling. P. M. Spent my time as in the fore part of the day. Evening. Pleasant but cool.

Monday April 29th 1850

Arose early and commenced mining operations. P. M. The same routine of duty. Evening. returned to camp with but little success.

Tuesday April 30th 1850

Arose early and went to our work. P. M. The same routine of duty. Evening. returned with but poor success.

Wednesday May 1st 1850

Arose early and continued our employment. Some of our men employed by the day upon a quicksilver machine at 8 dollars per diem. P. M. The same routine of duty. Evening. Returned from our labours and retired for the night.

Journal kept from Notes

Thursday May 2^d 1850

Arose early and again commenced mining operations some of our men employed at \$8 per diem

P. M. Same routine of duty our principal income from the hired men

Evening. Cool and pleasant retired early

Friday May 3^d 1850

Arose early and again pursued our daily avocations
Some of our men still employed upon quicksilver machines

P. M. Same routine of duty

Evening. Cool and pleasant and finds us ready to retire once more

Saturday May 4th 1850

Arose early and again sought our employment
Some of our men still employed at \$8 per diem

P. M. Same routine of duty

Evening. Cool and pleasant

Sunday May 5th 1850

Arose and finished my toilet and proceeded to find Lenas Gillingham who was encamped near us.

P. M. remained visiting with Lenas
Evening. Attended a prayer meeting at the tent of Hiram Ferguson.

Journal kept from Notes

Monday May 6th 1850

Arose early and continued our employment
Some at work upon quicksilver machines
P. M. Same routine of duty as usual
Evening. Pleasant. contemplated sending a man
prospecting the Stanislaus River concluded to
go on the morrow

Tuesday May 7th 1850

Arose early. dispatched a hasty meal rolled up my
blanket and put on my way for the Stanislaus
River. passed through Parsons diggings arrived
upon the Stanislaus sun about meridian
P. M. Went down the River some two miles to what
is called the Vineyard Camp or Dusty Bar
Evening. Camped upon Dusty Bar in company
with L. Dillingham

Wednesday May 8th 1850

Arose early and having dispatched my breakfast
proceeded some few miles prospecting down the
river.

Meridian. Returned to Dusty Bar satisfied
that there was no diggings down the river for
some distance.

P. M. Prospected Dusty Bar. thought there was
a prospect of doing something better than we were
doing at Angels Camp. Made my exit from the
Stanislaus En. Route for Angels
Evening. Arrived reported to my comrades
the prospects upon the Stanislaus. Concluded
to remove there forthwith.

Journal kept from Notes

Thursday May 9th 1850

A. M. Sent two men in pursuit of a team or pack mules to remove our effects to the Stanislaus. returned without success

Employed mining as usual

P. M. Kept on the alert for a team or mules
Evening. Still camped at Angels

Friday May 10th 1850

A. M. Still on the alert for a team and mining

P. M. Still finds us in much the same predicament
Evening. Camped as yet at Angels

Saturday May 11th 1850

A. M. Engaged a team to take us to the top of the hill at the base of which runs the Stanislaus said hill is 1600 feet high and very steep upon the side next the River. So much so that the teamer would go no farther. ~~We paid him the~~ sum of \$50 the.

P. M. Same routine of duty. Evening. Pleasant

Sunday May 12th 1850

Packed our things and started for the Stanislaus Breaking the holy Sabbath. but there was no remedy it being the only Sabbath broke by us with labour while in the mines.

Meridian. Camped upon top of the hill looking down upon the Stanislaus paid the teamer \$50 the price agreed upon.

P. M. Still camped upon the hill

Evening. Still finds us upon the hill

Journal kept from Notes

Monday May 13th 1850

A. M. Sent two men to the Lanes ferry in pursuit of pack mules to remove us down the River

Returned again without success. commenced backing our effects down the hill

P. M. Backing down the hill as in the fore part of the day.

Evening. Encamped at the foot of the hill tired as dogs.

Tuesday May 14th 1850

Arose early, sent two men in search of mules the remainder continuing to back our effects down the hill. The men returned without any mules

P. M. Backing down hill as usual

Evening. Pleasant. Glad were we to see the evening shades appear once more.

Wednesday May 15th 1850

Concluded to let the remainder of our effects sit upon the top of the ^{hill} ere we backed them down

Some at work in Kista creek and some in pursuit of mules. The men in pursuit of mules returned with their usual success.

P. M. Mining in Kista and ever on the alert for the distant jingle of the pack mule bell

Evening. Still camped at the foot of the hill

Obtained \$25 in Gold dust this day

Journal kept from notes

Thursday May 16th 1850

Took our bed clothes and our tent upon our backs and went and pitched our tent upon Gusty Bar attacked with a slight Diarrhea.

P. M. Took another pack load down to Gusty Bar Evening. The remainder of the company arrived having succeeded in obtaining some mules.

Friday May 17th 1850

Arose early and selected our sites for mining operations P. M. Engaged in making preparations for the same Evening. Held a meeting of our company and concluded to start a trading post at Gusty Bar Deputed Thomas Randall to proceed to Stockton and purchase goods for the same forthwith and thence down to the ship and get the remainder of our provisions and pack them out to us.

Saturday May 18th 1850

Thomas Randall starts for Stockton the remaining members of the company commenced mining upon Gusty Bar with tolerable success.

My Dys Diarrhea turns to Dysentery and am obliged to quit my work. Got the companies meals. P. M. Took a dose of Physic and give up the ship and lay down.

Evening. Sick enough took a Run Sweat and turned in for the night.

Journal kept from Notes

Sunday May 19th 1850

Awoke much better in body to a lovely Sabbath morning finished my toilet.

P. M. Attended Divine service delivered by Miram Fernegam.

Evening. Pleasant. found my Dysentery had left and rejoiced at the welcome tidings.

Monday May 20th 1850

Took upon myself the cooking for the day as I did not like to risk mining.

The rest of the Company employed mining with tolerable success.

P. M. The same routine of duty as usual.

Evening. Pleasant. Retired early.

Tuesday May 21st 1850

Arose got breakfast for the company and went down to work with them.

P. M. Same routine of duty as usual.

Evening. Pleasant. the Camp increasing in numbers rapidly.

Wednesday May 22^d 1850

All hands employed mining with tolerable success.

P. M. much the same.

Evening. Pleasant.

Journal kept from Notes

Thursday May 23rd 1850

All the company employed in mining operations with tolerable success.
P. M. The same Evening, Pleasant occupied in visiting.

Friday May 24th 1850

All hands employed in mining operations.
P. M. The same Evening, Pleasant occupied in visiting.

Saturday May 25th 1850

All hands employed as usual in mining.
P. M. Some washing clothes some prospecting.
Evening, Time spent in visiting or receiving the same.

Sunday May 26th 1850

Awoke once more to a lovely Sabbath morning commenced and finished my toilet in due season. P. M. Attended divine service delivered by Wiram. Cornegam.

Evening, Pleasant retired early to be in readiness for the coming week.

Journal kept from Notes

Monday May 27th 1850

All hands employed as usual in mining
Dysentery begins to make its appearance
in the camp. P. M. all the company employed
as usual. Evening. Pleasant. Strolling around
the camp.

Tuesday May 28th 1850

All the company employed in mining with good
success. P. M. the same. Evening. Spent in the
usual manner.

Wednesday May 29th 1850

The Company mining as usual
P. M. The same routine of duty
Evening. Spent in the usual manner

Thursday May 30th 1850

The Company mining as usual
P. M. Our train of mules arrived from Stockton
with trading tent and goods all hands turned
to and put up the tent and arranged
the goods for customers
Evening. Spent our time in getting our tent
in order. Took up my lodgings in the trading
tent.

Journal kept from notes

Friday May 31st 1850

Chose Thomas, C. Hammond to tend our trading tent and to do our cooking while mining. The rest of the company continued their mining operations

P. M. Everything going on harmoniously together
Evening. Our trading tent becomes a place of resort for the public in general

Saturday June 1st 1850

The Company employed as usual

P. M. Thomas Randall arrives with another train of mules with provisions from the ship
Evening. Spent in the usual manner

Sunday June 2nd 1850

Another Sabbath morning breaks upon us in all her glory. My toilet is commenced and soon finished. P. M. Attended divine service delivered by C. Fernegan. Evening. Spent in much the same manner as the former

Monday June 3rd 1850

Monday morning call us again to our daily toil. While P. M. does not exempt us from our hard lot

But Evening welcomes back to our camp and prepares us for our nights rest

Journal Kept from Memory

Tuesday June 4th 1850

The Company employed in their usual avocations
P.M. The same routine of duty as ever
Evening Spent in the usual manner

Wednesday June 5th 1850

The Company employed in mining operations
The Dysentery is becoming quite prevalent among
the miners upon Dusty Bar
P.M. Nothing remarkable or of interest but toiling
on. Evening spent in the usual manner

Thursday June 6th 1850

The Company still toiling on for filthy gain
P.M. The same routine of duty
Evening. Spent in spinning yarns in our
trading tent or visiting around the camp
which has been distinguished by the name
of the "Pineyard Camp" there being about
100 men in it from that Island

Friday June 7th 1850

Our Company still toil on with the usual
success. P.M. The same as ever
Evening Pleasant occupying my time in
the usual manner

Journal kept from Memory

Saturday June 8th 1850

Our Company failing on striving to get something.

P. M. the same employment as in the fore part of the day. Evening, Spent in the usual manner.

Sunday June 9th 1850

Still another Sabbath morning we are permitted to behold in all its glory, enjoying health and prosperity.

P. M. attended divine service delivered by H. Fernigan. Evening spent in the usual manner.

Monday June 10th 1850

We are once more permitted to pursue our usual avocations for gain.

P. M. employed in the usual manner. Evening, Spent in the usual manner.

Tuesday June 11th 1850

Finds us again at work digging for Gold.

P. M. finds ^{us} spending our time in the same manner. Evening, Spent in the usual manner.

Journal Kept from Memory

Wednesday June 12th 1850

Our Company employed in the usual manner
P. M. Obligated to lay by until 3 O'clock on account
of the excessive heat in the middle of the day
Evening. Spent in the usual manner

Thursday June 13th 1850

Still finds us pursuing our calling with
terrible success

P. M. The same routine of duty pursued
Evening. Pleasant. Whiling away the hours on
various topics.

Friday June 14th 1850

Our ^{company} cease not to toil and still meet with
success. sent to Stockton for an addition of
Goods. P. M. Excessive heat. employed as usual
Evening. Pleasant whiling away the hours in the
usual manner.

Saturday June 15th 1850

Still pursuing our labour mining
P. M. The same Excessive heat
Evening. Pleasant. Spent in the usual manner

Journal kept from Memory

Sunday June 16th 1850

Another Sabbath morning bursts upon us in all its Splendor. My toilet is commenced and soon finished

P. M. Passed my time in reading and debating
Evening Passed as pleasantly as ever

Monday June 17th 1850

Now again our company commence their work backing sand from the bank

P. M. Finds them still employed
Evening, Permits them to enjoy their ease

Tuesday June 18th 1850

Again we toil on T. C. Hammond taken with the Dysentery T. Randall, attacked with a bad cough.

P. M. Continue in much the same duty
Evening, Passed in usual manner

Wednesday June 19th 1850

Toil on toil on seems to be the motto of our company. P. M. finds us toiling
Evening, Passed pleasantly.

Journal kept from Memory

Thursday June 20th 1850

Still continue to work in the banks of the river with tolerable success

P. M. Much the same
Evening. Pleasantly passed

Friday June 21st 1850

Still continue to work the bank gloomy reflections occasionally present themselves on account of the sickness in the camp

P. M. The same Evening. Principal topic sickness of the camp

Saturday June 22^d 1850

Still finds us mining the Camp suffering from sickness

P. M. The prospects of the camp present a gloomy aspect to many

Evening. Principal topic sickness of the camp

Sunday June 23^d 1850

Another Sabbath morning is hailed with joy the sickness remains about the same

Evening. Spent as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances

Journal kept from Memory

Monday June 24th 1850

Our Company repair to their labour as usual. P. M. Presents the same scenes to our view. Evening. Still pleasantly passed.

Tuesday June 25th 1850

Our Company toil on with not quite so good success. P. M. finds them employed. Evening. As usual finds ^{us} gathered together in groups whiling away an hour or two

Wednesday June 26th 1850

Thomas Randall and myself go on a prospecting to Mormon Creek. P. M. Returned with not a very favourable report. Evening. passed in the usual manner

Thursday June 27th 1850

Continue to work in the bank of the river but get poor pay. P. M. Finds us employed in the same manner. Evening. passed in the usual manner.

Journal kept from Memory

Friday June 28th 1850

Our company still continue to mine it for poor pay. Some talk of forming a company to turn the Stanislaus P. M. Finds us the same Evening. Passed as pleasantly as possible

Saturday June 29th 1850

Our company still at work in the bank P. M. Find us employed taking account of stock cash on hand and so. Declared a dividend of \$150 on a share stock on hand \$1200. Debt in Stock on \$200. reserved funds to balance the same. Evening. passed in the usual manner

Sunday June 30th 1850

Another Sabbath is returned to the weary mines Finished my trial. Ebenezer Dexter and myself start for Angels Camp visiting arrive at 11 O'clock P. M. 4 O'clock start upon our return home meet A. C. Bennett who informs us of the Death of Prince. D. Athearn by Dysentery Evening. Passed gloomily occasioned by the sickness and death in the camp. The number of deaths 5. all from Marthas Vineyard

Names of the individuals

" Simpson colored	Prince, D. Athearn
Franklin. Mayhew	Austin. Smith
Caleb. Welch	

Journal kept from memory

Monday July 1st 1850

Attended the funeral of Mr Athearn services performed by Hiram Fernegan P. M. Returned to our employment with heavy hearts Evening. Passed gloomily away

Tuesday July 2^d 1850

Continue our labour in the bank with poor success. P. M. our situation not bettered much but still toiling on Evening. Held a meeting and formed a company for the purpose of turning the Stanislaus.

Wednesday July 3^d 1850

Marshal. Horves. Samuel Burrington Asa. C. Bennett and myself start for Murphys new diggings to learn the prospects for mining in that quarter P. M. Returned as far as angels camp not at all flattered Evening. Encamped. for the night at angels

Thursday July 4th 1850

Returned to the Stanislaus and came to the conclusion that we might as well remain for the present. P. M. Lolling about Evening. Passed in the usual manner

Journal Kept from Memory

Friday July 5th 1850

Not much doing throughout the camp owing to the sickness John C Shaw and Samuel Burrington attacked with the Dysentery P. M. Some prospecting. Received letters from home.

Evening. passed as the the time as well as our circumstances would admit.

Saturday July 6th 1850

Some of the company prospecting some sick P. M. Engaged washing clothes L. Dillingham and his brothers leave the camp for Stockton unwell. Evening. passed gloomily

Sunday July 7th 1850

Another Sabbath morning has returned to welcome us. Finished my toilet and occupied my time in the best possible manner P. M. Still the same anxiety felt in regard to the health of the camp Evening. Retired early.

Monday July 8th 1850

Dysentery prevails as bad as ever in the camp quite a number leaving P. M. Much the same. Evening. Retired early

Journal Kept from Memory

^WTuesday July 9th 1850

Nothing doing in mining everyone about laying upon their oars calculating to commence our race tomorrow

P. M. or finds us still doing nothing except panting for breath the heat being excessive
Evening. Retired early anticipating the morrow

^WWednesday July 10th 1850

Commenced upon the race in earnest
P. M. At work upon the race

Evening. Glad were we to see its shades appear

^WThursday July 11th 1850

At work upon the race some 30 shovels plying in earnest

P. M. Finds us employed in the same manner
Evening Brings us our usual rest

^WFriday July 12th 1850

Still at work upon the race throwing sand in earnest. P. M. the same, Evening Passed as pleasantly as possible.

Journal kept from Memory

Saturday July 13th 1850

At work upon the race the health of the camp about the same. P. M. The same Evening. Much more reconciled in regard to the general health.

Sunday July 14th 1850

Another Sabbath morning breaks upon us in all its splendour. Finished my ~~at~~ toilet and passed the time as well as I possibly could P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

Monday July 15th 1850

Once more we wind our way to our daily labour P. M. The same. Evening. Glad to seek our rest

Tuesday July 16th 1850

Still finds our company at work upon the race P. M. The same. Evening. Glad to seek our rest

Wednesday July 17th 1850

Our company at work upon the race P. M. The same. Evening. Glad to seek our rest

Journal kept from Memory

Thursday July 18th 1850

Still at work upon the race, Samuel Burrington and Thomas Randall leave the mines Asa C. Bennett, and Philip C. Pratt sick with the dysentery. P. M. The same routine of duty. Evening. Glad to seek our rest

Friday July 19th 1850

Still at work upon the race. Meredion. Elnathan. W. Cushing departed this life. P. M. Attended his funeral services performed by Hiram Lennegan. Evening. Passed gloomily. A sickly camp

Saturday July 20th 1850

The camp strike their tents and move up the river about a mile. we with the rest. E. Dexter goes to Carsons Creek in pursuit of a Physician for A. C. Bennett. P. M. returns with one. Evening. finished moving and retired early

Sunday July 21st 1850

Another Sabbath morning presents itself to our view. ^{Wm} P. Dexter attacked by Dysentery. P. M. Health of the camp very bad. Evening sought my usual rest at an early hour

Journal Kept from Memory

Sunday July 22^d 1850

We again commence our work upon the race
P.M. Finds us so employed
Evening. Brings a cessation of hostilities with the
Pick and shovel

Tuesday July 23^d 1850

Finds our company taking on upon uncertainties
P.M. The same. Evening. Beat a retreat

Wednesday July 24th 1850

The Bugle sounds for our company to commence action
Meridian. Philip. C. Pratt departed this life
P.M. Attended his funeral services performed
by Hiram. Fernegan. Evening. Retired with
heavy hearts.

Thursday July 25th 1850

The tin horn summons us again to our labour
P.M. The same. Evening Retired early

Friday July 26th 1850

The tin horn is again sounded for all hands
P.M. The same. Evening. Passed visiting &c

Journal Kept from Memory

Saturday July 27th 1850

Voted. to take the day for our own personal benefit. P. M. employed washing clothes &c Evening. Spent in an agreeable manner as circumstances would admit

Sunday July 28th 1850

Another Sabbath morning is hailed by the weary miner. P. M. Time spent as profitably as possible Evening Retired early

Monday July 29th 1850

The tin horn sounds the company repair hither P. M. The same, Evening spent as usual

Tuesday July 30th 1850

Find us employed upon the race P. M. the same, Evening. Retired early

Wednesday July 31st 1850

Find us employed upon the race P. M. the same Evening. Retired early

Journal kept from Memory

Thursday Aug 1st 1850

The tin horn again reminds us of our employment
P. M. the same. Evening Retired early

Friday August 2^d 1850

The tin horn calls anxiously for our presence
P. M. the same. Evening I passed visiting

Saturday Aug 3^d 1850

The tin horn says nothing today employed washing
clothes. P. M. Rambling about. Evening Retired early

Sunday Aug 4th 1850

Another Sabbath morning bursts upon us
Spend my time as well as I can conveniently
P. M. Much the same. Evening sought my usual rest

Sunday Aug 5th 1850

The tin horn is again sounded and the company
appears on the spot. P. M. The same Evening. Visiting

Tuesday Aug 6th 1850

Again we assemble for hostilities
P. M. the same. Evening passed pleasantly

RATHER FAMILIAR.

A certain eminent temperance lecturer, setting forth a most awful portraiture of King Alcohol, when a muzzy-looking br arose in a corner of the hall and observed: "I like t' ash the gen'l'm'n a queshun." "Certainly, my friend," said the urbane speaker, "by all means."

"I wish t' inquire of the gen'l'm'n 'f he's ever been tight?"

"Thank God, no!" was the fervent response. "This brain has never been muddled with the accursed thing."

Once more the muzzy one spoke: "Then don't the gen'l'm'n seem to use great familiarity 'bout an entire stranger, 's long 's he hain't been introdooed?"

The speaker had to struggle for some moments before he could circumvent the unseemly interruption, and get back to the thread of his discourse. You see he did not know whereof he affirmed.

Thiers is said never to punctuate in writing, and seldom to know when to come to a stop in speaking.

Pattern women—The milliners.

Fast and loose—A runaway horse.

When is a young lady "very like a whale?" When she's pouting.

The Mormons are not entirely cruel; when an elder "seals" unto himself a wife he does not always use "whacks."

How to obtain "the gift to give us the power to see ourselves as others see us"—Run for office.

Rev. Father Sterling, of Williamsport, Pa., has in his possession nearly nineteen hundred manuscript sermons, which were preached by him during his thirty-five years in the ministry.

Some people say that dark-haired women marry soonest. We differ; it is the light-headed ones.

Philadelphia has discovered sulphuric acid in its whiskey, and it is mildly suggested that such liquor may "prove injurious to the public health."

It is only a dishonest tar who would take a messmate's watch.

Air of importance—One's first breath.

Appropriate treatment for Shakers—A shake in a blanket.

Mouey is a great lever in the affairs of man; so great a lever that some of us can never keep it.

Gounod wrote seven operas before he could get a work of his performed on the stage. He was invariably told that it would be better for him to choose another career than that of composer. It was his young wife that caused him to persist.

A veteran observer says, "Good listening makes good preaching."

How to lay down the law—Knock down a lawyer.

Notes of admiration—Love letters.

New Hampshire judges vacate their office by limitation of age at seventy.

A social glass to which the ladies are addicted—The mirror.

An old stager was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold water army," which he did, promising not to touch a drop of any thing except in sickness. He has never been well since.

An engagement ring—When the door-bell is pulled by a friend you have invited to dine.

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the Church, said: "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

I KNOW A LITTLE ROSE.

I know a little rose,
And O but I were blest
Could I but be the drop of dew
That lies upon her breast.

But I dare not look so high,
Nor die a death so sweet;
It is enough for me to be
The dust about her feet.

R. H. Stoddard.

A Jersey gentleman went to the police station a few nights ago, and asked to be locked up. He said he was tired of going home and receiving a scolding from his wife.

They are trying to make us believe that the mosquitos are so plentiful in the Adirondacks that they can't all get on a strand once, and so they stand around in reliefs to wait for their turns like customers at a bath shop.

A stranger meeting a man in the streets of Boston, a few days since, roughly accosted him with: "Here, I want to go to your House!" The deliberate reply was: "I can go, if you won't be gone."

A Western admirer of a certain beauty's sententiously: "Bierst your paint-pot along the Pacific coast."

Man was never intended to be idle; idleness frustrates the very design of his existence, whereas an active life is the true source of virtue and the greatest happiness.

China exports tea, silk, borax, zine, silks, cassia, ware, lackered ware and more.

Why is a minister near a beggar like a ragged urchin? Perhaps because he (the minister) has (lost) his close (clothes.)

The fate of flowers—To be trampled under foot.

Never accuse others to excuse your own faults.

How to get a roaring trade—By a roaring temper.

Dr. Johnson once silenced a male backbiter, who was counselling his friends for painting their cheeks red, by remarking that "it is a far less harmful mark than the blackening of her own complexion."

If you are a ghost,

It is wicked to

A good man and a bad man are both angry at the world, but the bad man is angry at the world who did his duty.

"LAYING" A GHOST.—They have been told of a ghost in Peoria, Illinois, and they did it was to put half a dollar into him. The spirit is no longer there, does he trouble any body.

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

BY BRET HARTE.

They say that she died of a broken heart,
(I tell the tale as 'twas told to me),
But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French;
It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms—poor wench—
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
At what gold-laced speech of those modish days
She listened—the mischief take her!

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave, and ever as their bloom faded
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story, yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?

I sit in the sad old house to-night,—
Myself a ghost from a further sea,—
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from the porch and I
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stair goes
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock
And there is no sound in the street
But the long veranda dripping
In the wainscot a mouse.

Of my study—
A ghostly door.

A writer in Lippincott's Magazine for September discusses the question, "Shall we throw physic to the dogs?" This depends mainly upon your concern for canine welfare.

A patent wood and iron coffin is advertised in Sandusky as being "very desirable."

Who was Richard the Third before he was "himself again?"

The first suspension bridges in the United States were built between 1776 and 1810, and were all of small dimensions and constructed with chain cables.

Why is an uneven number equal to a quick notion of the eyelids? Because an odd is as good as a wink.

Number 1 November 1861

But, as surely as the cycle of time brings
the next Sabbath night, we are back again.
so it will be with the sons of men while the w

Journal - West from Memphis

Tuesday Aug 13th 1850

Find us answering the summons of the tin horn
Meridian. P. M. Dexter departed this life
P. M. After his funeral services performed
by Hiram Ferguson, Evening. Gladly passed

Wednesday Aug 14th 1850

Find us answering the summons of the tin horn
P. M. The same. Evening Passed gladly

Thursday Aug 15th 1850

Find us answering at the old call of the horn
P. M. The same. Evening, in the company with the
neighbours

Friday Aug 16th 1850

The tin horn summons us one more to Labour
P. M. The same. Evening Passed at some neighbour's
tent

Saturday Aug 18th 1850

Employed in washing clothes & mending &c.
P. M. The same. Evening Passed among my neighbours

Journal kept from June 1st

Sunday Aug 18th 1850

Another Sabbath morning preached at the world's river.
P. M. Home as usual. Evening sitting up with Asa C. Bennett who departed this life before 12 o'clock.

Monday Aug 19th 1850

Attended the funeral of Asa C. Bennett. Service performed by Hiram. Terzagan
P. M. Bright some rest. Evening Retired early to my room.

Tuesday Aug 20th 1850

Received a summons to our last
P. M. The same. Evening, Discussing upon past events.

Wednesday Aug 21st 1850

Concluded to lay by a week from the river to fall. Employed prospecting
P. M. The same. Evening Passed in visit.

Thursday Aug 22nd 1850

Employed prospecting. P. M. The same
Evening bowed among the neighbours.

Journal kept from Memory

Friday Aug 23rd 1850

Employed prospecting. P. M. The same
Evening Ransacking from tent -

Saturday Aug 24th 1850

Employed washing & this P. M. Ransacking
about. Evening passed in the usual manner.

Sunday Aug 25th 1850

Another Sabbath morning bursts upon us in all
its splendor. P. M. Nothing remarkable passed
Evening. Spent in the usual manner.

Monday Aug 26th 1850

Employed prospecting. P. M. Came across
a spot where we thought it would pay to work it
Evening. Spent in making arrangements for
the morrow.

Tuesday Aug 27th 1850

Commenced mining operations found it
to pay fair. P. M. continued operations found
we had obtained source of gold
Evening Spent in the usual manner.

Journal kept from memory

Wednesday Aug 28th 1850

Continued mining attacked with a
pain in my bowels.

P. M. took a dose of physic. Evening took
a dose of Laud. and retired

Thursday Aug 29th 1850

Awake with violent pain in my bowels
found I had the Dysentery severe obliged
to give up work entirely. P. M. The same
Evening Retired early.

Friday Aug 30th 1850

My Dysentery continued the same P. M. the same
Evening. Glad to retire to my hammock

Saturday Aug 31st 1850

The Dysentery follows us as bad as ever
P. M. The same. Evening. no abatement of the
disease

Sunday Aug Sept 1st 1850

My Dysentery as bad as ever. P. M. No abatement
Evening the same glad to seek repose

Journal kept from Memory

Sunday Sept 2^d 1850

Contemplating going to Mormon Camp and placing myself under the prescriptions of a Physician
P.M. my disease much the same, Evening no abatement

Monday Sept 3^d 1850

Made up my mind to go to Mormon Camp
my disease following me sharp P.M. the same
Evening no abatement

Tuesday Sept 4th 1850

Started for Mormon Camp horse back accompanied
by Mr Dexter, arrived at 10 O'clock consulted a
Physician and got some dinner.
P.M. Concluded to remain at the Camp under
the charge of Horace Austin, S.D. from Providence
R.I. Evening Retired early to get some rest

Wednesday Sept 5th 1850

Felt much better P.M. Spent my time seated
in a pleasant watching the mining operations
and passed by. Evening Retired early to my bed

Thursday Sept 6th 1850

Remain at the Camp Richard M. Coffin being
a young man named Purdon Smith to consult the
doctor and remain. P.M. & Evening nothing remarkable

Journal of Capt Aaron Hannon

Saturday Sept 7th 1850

Remaining at the Camp yet hoping to about
P. M. & Evening Nothing remarkable

X Sunday Sept 8th 1850

Still finds me at the camp of Morinians
another sick man from the Stanislaus arrives
by the name of Daniels. Mr Dexter & Haves
came over to visit me. P. M. feel better
Evening Retired early

Monday Sept 9th 1850

Remaining at Norman Camp
P. M. The same. Evening good to see my catch

Tuesday Sept 10th 1850

Remaining at Norman Camp
P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

Wednesday Sept 11th 1850

Remaining at Norman Camp & much
better. P. M. The same. Evening retired early

Thursday Sept 12th 1850

Still at Norman. P. M. The same
Evening. Almost despair of getting well

Journal kept from Denver

^{up}Friday Sept 13th 1850

^{up}Remaining at Mormon Camp my Dysentery follows me
get. ^{up}P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

Saturday Sept 14th 1850

Still finds me at the Mormon Camp sick
P. M. Evening. Retired to rest about 9 O'clock

Sunday Sept 15th 1850

Still finds me at the Mormon Camp Dr
Austin exerting all his skill to stop the disease
P. M. The same. Evening Retired early to rest

Monday Sept 16th 1850

^{up}Remaining at the Mormon Camp sick
^{up}P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

^{up}Tuesday Sept 17th 1850

^{up}Remaining at the Mormon Camp but little
better. ^{up}P. M. The same. Evening much the same

^{up}Wednesday Sept 18th 1850

^{up}Remaining at Mormon Camp sick
P. M. The same. Evening much the same

Journal kept from Memory
~~Franklin M. Smith~~
Thursday Sept 19th 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp my
Dysentery following me some yet
P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

Friday Sept 20th 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp
P. M. The same. Evening Sought my rest

Saturday Sept 21st 1850

Remaining still at Mormon Camp
P. M. The same. Evening Sought my rest

Sunday Sept 22nd 1850

Another Sabbath morning finds me upon
the hands of a physician my disease still
following me. P. M. The same. Evening
Retired early to rest

Monday Sept 23rd 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp
P. M. The same. Evening Returned early
to my couch

Journal kept in memory

Monday Sept 24th 1850

Still finds me at Mormon Camp gaining some. P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

Tuesday Sept 25th 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp received a visit from Mr Dexter. P. M. still remaining. Evening Retired early to my couch

Wednesday Sept 26th 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp my disease about the same. P. M. The same. Evening sought my usual rest.

Thursday Sept 27th 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp. Mr Dexter arrives with a lot of mining tools &c to be sold. P. M. Returns again to the Stanislaus Evening Arrives back with another lot of things and sleeps the night with us.

Friday Sept 28th 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp
P. M. Held an auction and sold the things brought over for \$114. Evening. Retired early

Journal kept from Memory

Sunday Sept 29th 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp. but anticipate leaving on the morrow. P. M. The same Evening. Bought my couch early

Monday Sept 30th 1850

Left the Mormon Camp for Stockton P. M. Felted almost to death in a mule wagon Evening. After riding some 16 miles put up at a tent upon the road my Dysentery worse Paid, W. Austin \$85. Paid for board &c. \$22

^{October 1st}
Tuesday Sept 31st 1850

Continued in journey towards Stockton felt much better than yesterday. Breakfasted and got some dinner. P. M. continued our journey. Evening halted and put up for the night after riding 25 miles felt quite smart

^{Prosp}
Wednesday October 2nd 1850

Continued our journey towards Stockton. Meridian Arrived in Stockton and put up at the Mount Vernon House. Evening. Mr. Lister and Howes our Partners arrive. Put myself and under the care of Dr. Shurtleff who thought that he could cure me. Mr. Hammond doing the same

Journal kept from memory

Thursday October 3^d 1850

Remaining in Stockton. Settled with the Mount Vernon Company with whom we had been trading. Divided the remainder of our funds, and found I had about \$300. P.M. still in Stockton. Evening finds us in the same place.

ref.
Friday October 4th 1850

Still in Stockton think that I am some better. P.M. The same. Evening Retired to rest at an early hour.

Saturday October 5th 1850

Finds me at the Mount Vernon House and on the gaining hand. P.M. About the same. Evening Retired to my couch at an early hour.

Sunday October 6th 1850

Another Sabbath morning breaks upon us. Finish my toilet. Set off to attend Divine service. P.M. The same. Evening Retired early to rest.

Monday October 7th 1850

Remaining at the Mount Vernon House. P.M. The same. Evening sought my couch at an early hour.

Journal kept from Memory
and a few from Memory.

Tuesday October 8th 1850

Still continue in Stockton gaining some
P.M. The same. Evening fought my usual rest

Wednesday October 9th 1850

Remaining at the Mount Vernon House Stockton
P.M. The same. Evening fought my usual rest

Thursday October 10th 1850

Still continue at the Mount Vernon House
P.M. The same. Evening Retired early

Friday October 11th 1850

Remaining in Stockton gaining my strength some
P.M. The same. Evening Retired early

Saturday October 12th 1850

Still continue at the Mount Vernon House
P.M. The same. Evening fought my rest

Sunday October 13th 1850

Another Sabbath morning dawns upon me
I finish my toilet. Not able to attend Divine service
P.M. The same. Evening Retired Early

Journal Kept from Memory

Monday October 14th 1850

Remaining at Stockton gaining slowly
P.M. The same. Evening Retired early to rest

Tuesday, October 15th 1850

Still continue in Stockton gaining some
P.M. The same. Evening. Retired early to rest

Wednesday October 16th 1850

Remaining in Stockton feel quite smart
P.M. The same. Evening. Retired to my cot

Thursday October 17th 1850

Still finds us stopping at the Mount Vernon House
P.M. The same. Evening Retired to rest early

Friday October 18th 1850

Still stopping at the Mount Vernon House
P.M. The same contemplate leaving Stockton
and going down to the ship on the morrow
Evening. not quite so well Retired early

Journal kept from Memory
X Journal kept from Memory.
X Saturday October 19th 1850

Embarked in the sloop Mount Vernon on our passage down river. P. M. Floating down with the current it being calm. Evening. Made fast side of the Embark's tide being ahead. Retired early to rest not feeling very smart. Paid for board &c \$34

Sunday October 20th 1850

Awoke and found we were drifting down river with the tide soon a breeze sprang up. P. M. At anchor tide and wind being ahead. Evening got under weigh and beat down river tide in our favour felt some better to day

Monday October 21st 1850

Arose and going upon deck found we were in sight of New York. 10 O'clock got alongside the Oscar and our things out of the sloop. P. M. found they were fitting the Oscar for home. Evening. Retired to my bunk early quite fatigued

Tuesday October 22nd 1850

Felt quite smart Got Breakfast &c P. M. The same. Evening pleasant whiled away the hours in pleasant conversation

Journal kept at New York

Wednesday Oct 23^d 1850

Not so well to day for what reason I cannot conceive. P. M. ^{Feel} quite sick. Evening. Sought my rest early

Thursday Oct 24th 1850

Feel much the same as yesterday. P. M. No better. Evening much the same

Friday Oct 25th 1850

Finds me some better able to get about. P. M. Ditto. Evening Retired early

Saturday Oct 26th 1850

Getting better slowly in hopes to get well soon. P. M. The same. Evening Retired early.

Sunday Oct 27th 1850

Still improving in health slowly. P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

Monday Oct 28th 1850

My health improving slowly. P. M. The same. Evening Retired early to rest

Journal kept at New York

Tuesday Oct 29th 1850

The same time to sing to day as yesterday
P. M. The same Evening. Sought my rest

Wednesday Oct 30th 1850

Finds me tolerable smart discontinue
taking medicine. P. M. Ditto
Evening. Retired early to rest

Thursday Oct 31st 1850

Feel pretty smart for me and grateful
for it. P. M. The same. Evening. Retired early

Friday Nov 1st 1850

Still continue to improve in health
P. M. The same. Evening Retired early

Saturday Nov 2^d 1850

My health improving as fast as can be
expected. P. M. Ditto. Evening. Retired to rest

Sunday Nov 3^d 1850

My health gradually improving eat lightly
of most any thing P. M. Ditto. Evening as usual

Journal kept at New York

Monday Nov 4th 1850

My health improving gradually
P. M. The same old story Evening. Passed my
time reading

Tuesday Nov 5th 1850

My health still improving. Trying to bargain
with Capt Morse to go a whaling in Bark Sarah
in the capacity of cooper & boatster
P. M. Saw Capt Morse he offers me the 55th say to go
Evening. Considering upon my offer ~~then~~ concluded
to go if he would give me the 45th

Wednesday Nov 6th 1850

My health improving but do not seem to gain my
strength. Saw Capt. Morse, offered to go for the 45th
offers me 50th! Finally offers me 48th agreed to go for
that. P. M. Returned to the Oscar and collected my
things together, Evening. Spent my time in
reading

Thursday Nov 7th 1850

My health improving slowly but still
weak. P. M. Whiling away the hours in various
ways. Evening. Spent in reading

Friday Nov 7th 1850

Journal kept at New York

Friday Nov. 8th 1850

My health improving about as fast as usual. P. M. Concluded to go down to Benicia in the evening. Evening 6 O'clock started for Benicia. We arrived at Bark Sarah and took up my abode in her stowage

Journal kept lying at ^{up} Benicia

Saturday Nov 9th 1850

Troubled a little with the Diarrhea otherwise feel quite smart. P. M. The same Evening. ^{up}Passed my time as pleasantly as possible.

Sunday Nov 10th 1850

Feel quite smart to day employing myself in seeing others work. P. M. The same Evening. ^{up}Retired to my berth early

Monday Nov 11th 1850

Feel quite smart to day employing myself looking about the ship and watching the vessels & steamboats passing up and down the river. P. M. The same Evening. Retired early

Journal kept during at Venice
On Board Bark Sarah

Monday Nov 12th 1850

Commenced building try works on board the
Bark Capt Morse gone up to New York
Employed my time in seeing others work
and watching the vessels & Steamboats going up
and down the river. P. M. The same
Evening. Retired early to my berth having no
better manner to spend my time. At O'clock Capt. Morse
returned from New York

Tuesday Nov. 13th 1850

Commenced with fine weather and wind to the East-
ward. Building try works and getting the ship ready as
fast as possible. P. M. The same. Evening. Retired
early to my berth

Wednesday Nov 14th 1850

Commenced with fine weather and wind to the Eastward
building try works stowing hold and getting the ship
ready for sea as fast as possible. The Oscar arrived from
New York. P. M. The same routine of duty. Evening
Spent my time in getting into the land of Rod

Thursday Nov. 15th 1850

Commenced with fine weather wind to the
Eastward and moderate. Heard of another death
of the Oscars Company. John Baird, who died of
cholera at the French Camp. P. M. Wind & weather the
same. Employed myself cooping first days labors performed
by me for 17 days. Evening Retired early quite tired

Journal kept by me at Panama

Saturday Nov 16th 1850

Commenced with fine weather wind to the Eastward employed packing shooks
P. M. The same. Evening. Retired to my berth.

Sunday Nov 17th 1850

Commenced with fine weather wind to the Eastward. Employed my time to the best possible advantage. P. M. had company on board the ship from the shore. Evening. Spent my time in conversation with my companions &

Monday Nov 18th 1850

P. M. Fine weather wind S. W. and strong breeze at work coopersing. Meridian went on board the Oscar in pursuit of a coopers horse and obtained one. P. M. at work coopersing wind hauled to the S. W. Evening. Pleasant but cool Retired early to rest.

Tuesday Nov 19th 1850

P. M. Fine weather wind S. E. and strong breeze washed of the decks and broke our fast. Employed coopersing & P. M. Much the same. Evening Retired early to rest being quite tired.
Commenced raining about 10 o'clock and continued through the night.

On board Bark Sarah Capt. Morse

Wednesday Nov 20th 1850

Commenced with fine weather wind to the west and strong breeze. Employed setting up rigging and bending sails.

P. M. The same. Evening Light my berth

Thursday Nov 21st 1850

Commenced with strong breeze from S E and cloudy 10 O'clock A. M. commenced raining.

Employed bending sails and setting up rigging

P. M. Continues to rain had to stop work

Evening still raining wind S E 1/2

Friday Nov 22nd 1850

Commenced with light air from N. E. and hazy 9 O'clock pleasant and commenced work

P. M. Employed setting up rigging &c.

Evening pleasant Retired to rest 3/4

Saturday Nov 23rd 1850

Commenced with light air from S E and occasionally a shower of rain. at 10 O'clock better weather held up raining Employed putting up bulk head in the storeroom. P. M. quite pleasant Employed in the same manner. Evening. cloudy night raining 1/2

Journal Kept lying at Benecia

Sunday Nov 24th 1850

Commences with light air from the Westward and quite pleasant P. M. raining again. Evening pleasant but cold.

Monday Nov 25th 1850

Commences with quite a fresh ^{brize} from the westward and pleasant unmoved the ship and took one of the anchors. P. M. sent and got a small raft of water and stowed it down. Evening. Pleasant but cold wind North West.

Tuesday Nov 26th 1850

Commences with fine weather wind to the westward. Employed in getting our anchor hove short and hoisted the topsails. at 9 O'clock took our anchor and bid farewell to Benecia in company with the Oscar worked down into San Pablo bay P. M. working down San Pablo bay at 4 O'clock came to anchor in the Bay the tide serving against us. Evening lying in the Bay with the topsails on the cap and rigging, hauled up.

Wednesday Nov 27th 1850

Commences with air from the North and lowry weather hove short and took our anchor and left San Pablo Bay Meridian passed the Sisters. P. M. towing ship with one boat ahead about calm. Evening came to anchor furled our sails and hauled the larboard chain.

On board Bark Varah Capt. Morse,

Thursday Nov 28th 1848

Commences with light air from N. E. here short
took our anchor and drifted through Macoon Straits
with a boat ahead the wind having left us
11 O'clock came to anchor at Salalido to finish
watering. P. M. got a raft of cask ashore and felled
a part of them towed them to the ship and hoisted
them in upon deck. Evening amused myself writing
home. 1

Friday Nov 29th 1850

Commences with a light breeze from S. E. and
drizzly weather employed stowing water. P. M. a boat
went ashore to fill water employed felling cask to stow
4 O'clock quite a rain storm 5 the boat came off with a
raft of cask hoisted in the water raining quite hard
got wet so that I had to shift my clothes
Evening still raining and bids fair for an uncomfortable
night 1

Saturday Nov 30th 1850

Commences with a strong breeze from the South
and rainy 9 O'clock held up raining commenced
stowing water and felling cask. cleared up the wind
veered to the westward and freshened. P. M. sent
a raft of cask ashore to fill with water 4 O'clock
the boat returned with the water hoisted it in and
cleared up the decks. Evening clear and cold $\frac{3}{4}$

Journal kept bying at Valparaiso

Sunday Dec 1st 1850

Commences with fine cool weather wind N^w
P. M. The same. Evening Pleasant but cool

Monday Dec 2^d 1850

Commences with squally and rainy weather wind
N^w commenced stowing water and fitting for
another raft 8 O'clock cleared up wind freshened
12 O'clock the boat took a raft of oak ashore to fill
with water. Meridian boat returned having filled
the water and left it on shore. P. M. Boat went
ashore and succeeded in towing the water to the
ship hoisted it in and stowed it down
Evening. Moderate weather but cool 1

Tuesday Dec 3^d 1850

Commences with fine and cool weather wind N^w
went on shore and filled a raft and towed it to
the ship. Meridian Hoisted in the water.
P. M. Stowed down the water. Evening cool but
pleasant Capt Morse returned from San Francisco
bringing 4 men with him 1

Wednesday Dec 4th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather wind N^w
Boat went to San Francisco employed getting ready
for sea. P. M. The same. Evening pleasant but
cool 1

California on board Bark Sarah

Thursday Dec 5th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather wind to the Northward employed fattening the ship for sea. ~~and~~ Mercedan Capt Morse returned from San Francisco bringing with ^{him} the Third Officer and one man. P. M. The Captain started again for the City but the tide serving against him he was obliged to return to the ship. Evening pleasant but cool 17

Friday Dec 6th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather wind to the North employed fattening boats &c P. M. The same Evening cool but pleasant 1

Saturday Dec 7th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather wind to the North. Took two of our boats upon shore and washed them out. P. M. Employed fattening boats &c Evening cool but pleasant 1

Sunday Dec 8th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather wind to the North. The boats left the ship for San Francisco P. M. Weather the same much as ever to keep warm without a fire. Evening cold but pleasant

Journal. Kept lying at Casulido

Monday Dec 9th 1850

Commenced with fine cool weather wind to the N. W. employed fitting boats. 98

P. M. Wind & weather the same; same routine of duty. Evening. Cold but pleasant. 307

Tuesday Dec 10th 1850

Commenced with fine cool weather wind to the westward the boat returned ~~at~~ from San Francisco with two men. Meridian calm P. M. Strong breeze from the west the boat went back to San Francisco. Evening light air from S E and looks much like rain.

Wednesday Dec 11th 1850

Commenced with lousy weather wind unsteady. The boat returned from San Francisco bringing two men. P. M. about calm commenced raining. Employed fitting boats &c. Evening raining about calm.

Thursday Dec 12th 1850

Commenced with fine weather and calm. Employed fitting and painting boats the boat started for San Francisco but was obliged to return it being calm P. M. much the same. Evening cool but pleasant.

on Board Bark Sarah Capt Morse

Friday Dec 13th 1850

Commences with light breeze from S.E. and rainy
got breakfast and Mr Modley and myself took the
sail boat and started for San Francisco got over
abreast the barracks and anchored it being calm
Meridian a heavy squall struck from the N.E. found
our boat dragged her anchor reefed our sail and then tied it
down to the boom and worked her into the shore and landed
P.M. 4 O'clock more moderate got underway with the boat
and arrived in San Francisco about sunset

Saturday Dec 14th 1850

Commences with cloudy weather and the wind to the
South went down to come up to the ship but the men not
appearing that shipped the day previous did not come
Meridian found us waiting for the men.

Sunset ~~and~~ no men had appeared then. Evening went
on board the schr J. B. Gager in company with my
cousin W. B. Edgerton and spent the night -

Sunday Dec 15th 1850

Commences with cloudy weather the wind S.E.

went up and examined the burnt district which was burnt
the night before. Meridian went on board the Oscar and dined
P.M. went on board the ship Ascotna and spent the afternoon
Evening went on board the Schr J. B. Gager and spent
the night with my cousin.

Journal Kept at San Luis Obispo California

Monday Dec 16th 1850

Commences with strong breeze from S.E. and squally waiting around the shipping office for men P.M. shipped 4 and went up with them after their things. Evening embarked in the sloop Sarah for the ship having three men one having concluded not to go arrived on board the Sarah at San Luis Obispo at 9 o'clock.

Tuesday Dec 17th 1850
Tuesday Dec 17th 1850

Commences with heavy wind from S.E. and raining saw any quantity of lumber adrift lowered down a boat and picked up some. P.M. wind veered to the westward still continues to rain. Evening still raining wind the same.

Wednesday Dec 18th 1850
Wednesday Dec 18th 1850

Commences with fine clear weather and about calm sent up the main topgallant yard and bent the sail employed doing ships duty P.M. the same Evening cool and pleasant

Thursday Dec 19th 1850

Commences with foggy thick weather and calm Employed in ships duty. P.M. Still continues thick. Evening the same

Journal Kept by Capt. at Suncelato

Friday Dec 20th 1850

Commenced with thick foggy weather put the ready ship in readiness for getting underweigh if the fog should light up P.M. the fog lifted but the wind being light and it being rugged in the passage did not get underweigh. Evening cold but pleasant wind N.W.

Saturday Dec 21st 1850

Commenced with cloudy weather and light air from the S.E. 10 O'clock hove short on our chain hoisted our topsails and run a line to the frigate Savannah Meridian took our anchor and made sail — 2 P.M. passed through between the heads of San Francisco bay Sunset. passed the bar it breaking upon it from a heavy swell heaving from the Westward

Journal Kept on board Bark Sarah Capt. Ross
Sunday Dec 22^d 1850

Commenced with cloudy weather wind N.W. course S.S.W. Middle part fine weather kept the ship of S.E. Latter part fine weather stowed our anchors and chains one man aloft on the lookout 2 sail in sight upon our larboard bow. Lat 36.08" Long 123.15"

Monday Dec 23^d 1850

Commenced with fine weather wind N.W. 2 sail in sight ahead furled the main course and took in topgallant sails Middle part the same. Latter part set the fore topgallant sail wind and weather the same

Lat 33.52" Long 122.42

Journal Kept at sea on board "Bark"

Tuesday Dec 24th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather wind N. W. steering S. E. took in the fore top gallant sail Middle part strong breeze from N. W. weather the same Latter part eased the fore and main top gallant sails employed fitting cutting gear wind and weather the same steering S. E.
Lat 31° 30' Long 119° 55'

Wednesday Dec 25th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather strong breeze from N. W. got up the cuttingendants and lashed them to the main mast head middle part wind hauled more to the north steering S. E. Latter part raised up the island of Guadalupe a point upon our larboard bow

Lat 29° 12' Long 118° 35'



Bearing East distant 30 miles

Thursday Dec 26th 1850

Commences with fine cool weather and strong breeze from N. by E. steering S. E. took in the main top gallant sail the island of Guadalupe in sight bearing N. E. Middle part wind North steering E. S. E. Latter part wind and course the same set the fore and main top gallant sail

Lat 27° 12' Long

Sarah Capt Morse on a Whaling cruise

Friday Dec 27th 1850

Commences with fine weather wind N steering
E. S. E. raised up a shoal of black fish and
got one to the Larboard boat brought him alongside
hoisted him in and tipped him of his blubber
~~with good wind and weather the same~~

Latter part the same Lat 26° 12' Long

Saturday Dec 28th 1850

Commences with fine weather wind N N W
steering E. S. E. employed in fitting cutting gear
Middle part wind and weather the same
steering E. S. E. Latter the same raised up the land
upon our larboard bow Lat 25° 12' Long 112. 40


Sunday Dec 29th 1850

Commences with fine weather wind N N W
steering E. S. E. Middle part wind the same
steering S. E. by S. Latter part wind N. E. and
light steering E. S. E. land in sight upon our
larboard beam Lat. 23° 43'. Long 111° 37'

Journal Kept on board Bark Sarah

Monday Dec 30th 1850

Commences with fine weather wind N. N. W.
steering E. S. E. Middle part steering S E by E
Latter part the same steering E by N. land in
sight upon our starboard bow Lat. 22° 53' Long



20 miles distant Cape St Lucas

Tuesday Dec 31st 1850

20 miles distant Cape




Commences with fine weather wind N. E.
steering by the wind the land in sight
upon our starboard beam. Middle part light wind
from N. E steering by Latter part wind backing went
into Cape St Lucas with one boat brought of some few
pumpkins and a bullock Lat 22° 41' Long 110° 33'

~~Wednesday Dec 31st 1850 1851~~

Commences with fine weather wind light from
N. N. W. steering E. S. E. Middle part wind light
steering E. S. E. Latter part ^{light} Lat

1851
Thursday Dec Jan 2 1851

Commences with fine weather and good breeze
from N. N. E. steering E. S. E. Middle part
the same Latter part wind & weather
much the same the Maria islands in sight



Capt. Morse on a Whaling cruise

Friday Jan 3rd 1851

Commences with fine weather and light winds from N.E. steering E. S. E. the Maria islands in sight and the main land Middle part the same Latter part much the same Lat Long

Saturday Jan 4th 1851

Commences with light winds from N. and fine weather Cape Corrientes in sight steering S. S. E. Middle part wind veered to the N. W. Latter part much the same the coast of Mexico in sight about 20 miles distant Lat $19^{\circ}33'$ North Long

Sunday Jan 5th 1851

Commences with light airs from N. W. steering S. E. Middle part about calm Latter part light air from E. N. E. steering S. E. Lat $19^{\circ}16'$ Long
The coast 15 miles distant

Monday Jan 6th 1851

Commences with a fresh breeze from N. W. steering S. E. Middle part about calm steering E. S. E. Latter part the same Lat. 19°

Journal kept on board "Bar Sarah"

Monday Jan 7th 1851

Commences with fine weather light air from N.W. course S.E. Middle part the same
Latter part wind W.N.W. course S.E. the
Mexican coast in sight 25 or 30 miles distant
Lat 18° 15' Long

Tuesday Jan 8th 1851

Commences with fine weather light winds from
the W.N.W. steering S.E. by I saw a sail upon
our starboard beam which proved to be a brig steering
by the wind to the North Middle part wind and
weather the same steering S.E. Latter part ditto
Lat 17° 13' Long

Wednesday Jan 9th 1851

Commences with fine weather and light winds
from W.N.W. steering S.E. middle & latter
part the same Lat 16° 24' Long

Thursday Jan 10th 1851

Commences with fine weather and light winds
from N.W. steering E by S. Middle and latter
part the same Lat 16° 13' Long

[illegible]

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Capt Morse on a whaling cruise

Saturday Jan 11th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind from the N. W. and light stirring E by S. Middle part the same Latter part Ditto Lat-15° 37' Long

Sunday Jan 12th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind from the North stirring E by S Middle part wind the same stirring E Latter part the same Lat-15° 13' Long

Monday Jan 13th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind from the E. N. E. stirring by the wind heading S. E Middle part wind S. S. E. stirring by heading E. Latter part the same Lat 15° 5' Long

Tuesday Jan 14th 1850

Commences with fine weather ~~wind~~ and calm Middle part Ditto latter part wind N stirring E by S Lat. 15° 10'

Wednesday Jan 15th 1850

Commences with fine weather and calm Middle part light airs from N. W stirring E by N. Latter part the same Lat 14° 57' Long

Journal Kept on board Bark Sarah

Thursday Jan 16th 1850

Commences with fine weather and calm latter part the same Lat 15° 5'

Friday Jan 17th 1850

Commences with fine weather light air from the S. W. steering E. S. E. Middle part the same Latter part ditto Lat 14° 52'

Saturday Jan 18th 1850

Commences with fine weather and calm unbent the foresail main topsail and maintopgallant sail and bent the cruising sails Middle part calm. Latter part wind braced from the N. N. E doubled reefed the topsails furled the jib and mainsail Lat 14° 9" Long 94

Sunday Jan 19th 1850

Commences with fine weather and strong breeze from N. N. E steering E. by S. set the main sail Middle part more moderate shook the reefs out of the topsails and set the jib Latter part made all sail Lat 13° 29" Long 92

Capt Morse on a whaling cruise

Monday Jan 20th 1851

Commences with fine weather and calm Middle part wind blew from the N. steering E. N. E. Latter part the coast of Guatemala or Central America in sight wind hauled to the E steering by the wind Lat 13° 20"



Tuesday Jan 21st 1851

Commences with fine weather wind veered to the S. E. and finally died away to a calm. Middle part wind freshened from the N steering E. N. E. Latter part wind hauled to the E steering by the coast in sight Lat 12° 57"

Wednesday Jan 22 1851

Commences with fine weather wind S. E. steering E. N. E. Middle part wind to the N. Latter part wind E. N. E. steering by the wind the coast in sight Lat 12° 54"

Thursday Jan 23 1851

Commences with fine weather wind S. E. steering E. N. E. Middle part wind blew from the N. W steering E. N. E. Latter part wind veered to the E steering by to the S. E. Lat 13° 12" the coast in sight

Journal Kept On board Bark Sarah

Friday Jan 24th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind S.E. steering by to the E.N.E. Middle part calm and lying in so near the land as to hear the surf was distinctly. Latter part wind from the E.N.E. and strong single reefed the topsails steering by to the S.E.

Lat

Saturday Jan 25th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind E.N.E. steering by to the S.E. Middle part calm Latter part strong breeze from the E.N.E. doubled reefed the topsails

Lat 11° 33'

Sunday Jan 26th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind E.N.E. shook the reefs out of the topsails steering by to the S.E. Middle part wind light from E.N.E. Latter part strong breeze from the N.E. steering S.E. by E. 1 o'clock hauled up the courses and hauled the head yards aback lay until daylight then braced forward and made sail

Lat 10° 23'

Monday Jan 27th 1851

Commenced with a fine breeze from N.E. steering by. Middle part the same Latter part about calm

Lat 9° 40'

Capt Morse on a whaling cruise

Tuesday Jan 28th 1851

Commenced with fine weather and calm and lowered
for Black fish struck one with the larboard boat
second mate pitched overboard and got fast in the
line but saved him Middle part calm latter part
a breeze from N.E. steering by E.S.E. Lat 9°28'

Wednesday Jan 29th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind E.N.E. steering
by to the S.E. raised up the land upon our weather bow
Middle part calm Latter part wind from the E.

Thursday Jan 30th 1851

Commenced with fine weather and calm middle
part wind E.N.E. steering S.E. by S. Latter part the
same the coast in sight

Friday Jan 31st 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind N.N.W. steering
S.E. by S. lowered and got 3 Black fish Latter part wind
the same commenced boiling

Journal Kept on board Bark Sarah

Saturday Feb 1st 1851

Commences with fine weather wind S.E.
steering by to the E.N.E Middle part
wind N.W. steering S.E. by S. Latter part
the same Lat 8°49'

Sunday Feb 2nd 1851

Commences with fine weather wind S.W.
steering S.E. by S. Middle part wind the same
steering S.E. Latter part raised a sail
upon our Starboard quarter Lat 7°42'



Monday Feb 3rd 1851

Commences with fine weather wind
W.S.W. steering raised a shoal of sperm
whales going quick to windward lowered
our boats but did not succeed in getting
any Middle part hauled by the wind to the
N. Latter part tocked to the South
Lat 7°31'

Tuesday Feb 4th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind W.S.W.
steering N.N.E Middle part the same Latter
part the Panama steamer passed us bound to
San Francisco Lat

Capt. Morse on a whaling cruise

Wednesday Feb 5th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind S. by W steering by to the West Middle part calm Latter part wind from the E. steering by to the S. E. raised up the island of Guibo. Lat. 7° 3'

Thursday Feb 6th 1851

Commenced with fine weather and calm a steamer passed us from San Francisco bound to Panama Middle part calm Latter part wind to the N. W. and light steering by to N. E. raised black fish hoveed and got 4 Lat 7°

Friday Feb 7th 1851



Commenced with fine weather wind N. E. steering by to E. S. E. Middle part wind freshened took in the light sails Latter part reefed the top sails and woreed round to the N. E. W. commenced boiling the black fish guibo in eight

Saturday Feb 8th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind slack made all sail and tacked to the E. S. E. finished boiling middle part calm Latter part strong breeze from N. E. took in the light sails guibo went out of sight about 11 O'clock

Log not kept on board Bark Sarah

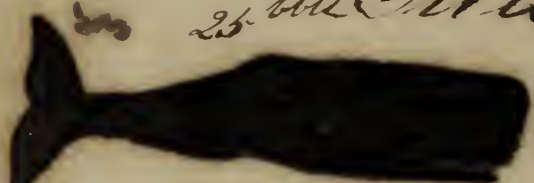
Sunday Feb 9th 1851

Commenced with strong breeze and fine weather Middle part calm Latter part light wind from the N stirring S by W

Monday Feb 10th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind light from the N stirring S by W. Middle part calm latter part light air from the S.E. stirring by to the S. raised a shoal of sperm whales but did not get any

Tuesday Feb 11th 1851

 Commenced with fine weather the whales still in sight lowered our boats and succeeded in getting one to the waist boat

Middle part laying by the whale under short sail heading to the eastward Latter part cut in the whale and commenced boiling rain squalls

Wednesday Feb 12th 1851

Commenced with fine weather wind from NE stirring by to the N.W. Middle part wind freshened doubled reefed the topsails. Latter part still boiling wind much the same

Capt. Ross on a whaling cruise

Thursday Feb 13th 1851

Commences with fine weather and strong breeze from N.E. finished heaving and turning up the oil 25^{lbs} middle part more moderate. Latter part made sail and kept the ship S. by W.

Friday Feb 14th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind E. & E brought the ship to the wind heading N.E. Middle part the same Latter part won ship to the S. wind E.

Saturday Feb 15th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind S. S. E. won ship steering by to the E. Middle part the same Latter part no alteration.
Lat 4° 57' N. Long 81° 10'

Sunday Feb 16th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind S. S. E. steering by to the E. Middle part wind S heading S. E. Latter part going wind to the N steering S. S. E.

Journal? Sept on Board Bark

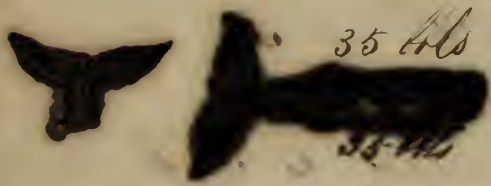
Monday Feb 17th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind to the North steering S.E. Middle part the same Latter part wind the same steering S.E. by E

Lat 2° 58'

Tuesday Feb 18 1851

Tuesday Feb 18th 1851



Commences with fine weather raised up the island of Gorgona and soon after saw a shoal of whales but did not lower it being after sunset Middle part tacked ship to the westward Latter part raised a shoal of whales and got one to the Starboard boat and cut him in. Lat 2° 50'

Wednesday Feb 19th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind N.N.E steering by to the E commended biting our whale Middle part much the same Latter part the island of Gorgona in sight also a Bark

Thursday Feb 20th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind N.W. steering by to the N.N.E. Middle part tacked to the N.W. Latter part tacked to the N.E some rainy

187

Sarah Capt Morse on a whaling cruise
Sarah Capt Morse on a whaling cruise
Friday Feb 21st 1851

Commences with squally and rainy weather
wind W. steering S. by W. Middle part
quite pleasant wind S. S. W. steering by to the S. E.
latter wind hauled to the S. S. E. steering by to the S. W.
the island of Gorgona in sight bearing S. by W 20 miles
distant

Saturday Feb 22^d 1851

Commences with quite pleasant weather steering
by to the S. E. Middle part tacked to the S. W.
Latter part the same fine weather Gorgona in sight

Sunday Feb 23^d 1851

Commences with fair weather wind S. W. steering
by to the S. S. E. Middle part wind veered to the
S. S. E. tacked to the S. W. Latter part the island
of Gorgona bearing S. by W 6 miles distant sent
in the Starboard boat to see about an anchorage
and probability of obtaining wood water and recruits

Monday Feb 24th 1851

Commences with fine weather wind S. W. steering
by to the S. S. E. the boat having returned with a
favourable report



Miss D. D. D. D.

Dear Sir

11 11 11

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11 11 11

11 11 11

11 11 11

11 11 11

Adice

Maolles

Charles Town
Md

Aug 18/24

6
O

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Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, written in the lower right area of the page.

Tuesday Feb. 25. 1851.

Commenced with fine weather
wind S.E. Steamed by to the S. by E.
Meridian Sky overcast with clouds.

Wednesday. Feb 26 1851

Commenced with Rain from the South
about noon the rain ceased and the
wind blew a gale from the S.W.

Thursday Feb 27 1851

Commenced with fine breeze
from the Westward.

Friday Feb 28 1851

Saturday Feb 29 1851

Sunday, March 1st 1851

Sunday Feb 26

Sunday Feb 26

Monday " 27

Tuesday " 28

Wednesday " 29

Thursday March 1

Friday " 2

Saturday " 3

Sunday Monday

Tuesday

Monday Oct 5th 1852

S. J.

James Turk Co.

~~James Turk Co.~~
Widow of the late. George Fisher

N. B. E. D. E. J. L. S. D.

at East Boston, Mass.

at East Boston, Mass.

~~James Turk Co.~~

~~James Turk Co.~~

James H. Maclean

Timothy Pease Esq.

Fred V. Smith

East Boston
Mass

Greeting.

We the undersigned do
Respectfully remonstrate against
the Law recently passed by
the Senate

Sept 1st 1850
Sunday Sept 2nd 1850

Remaining at Mormon Camp but anticipate
leaving

Rich Norton Esq

Edgerton

C. D. Coffin

Sturtevant

Wm. J. Miller Esq

Capt. Geo. T. Spurr

Esq. R. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Wm. J. Juce

Friday Sept 29th 1850
Remained at Mormon Camp out and in on the morning. P. M. the same.

Evening sought my coach early.

Saturday Sept 30 1850

Left the Mormon Camp for Stockton
P. M. felt almost to death in a mule wagon
Dressing. After riding some 6 miles put up
at a tent upon the road. my Dysentery
rose. Paid Dr. Austin \$5 Paid for board \$2

Sunday Oct 1st 1850

Continued our journey towards Stockton
felt much better than yesterday. Meridian
halted and got some dinner. P. M.
continued our journey.

Wednesday Oct 2nd 1856
night. After writing a letter to Mr. [unclear]

Wednesday Oct 2nd 1856
Continued on journey towards Stockton.
Arrived at Stockton and put up
at the [unclear] [unclear] House. Evening
Mr. Dexter and [unclear] our Partners arrived.
Put myself under the care of Dr. [unclear]
who thought that he could cure me. [unclear]
Hammond doing the same.

Thursday Oct 3 1856

Remained in Stockton. Called on
the [unclear] [unclear] Company with whom we
had been trading and decided the amount
of our funds and found I had about \$300.
P.M. Still in Stockton Evening [unclear]
in the same place.

Sunday Oct 24th 1850

still in Stockton think that I am
better. If the same I will return to
at an early hour.

Saturday Oct 5th 1850

Finds us at the Court House. We
end on the winning hand. P. M. about the same
evening tried to go out at an early hour

Sunday Oct 6th 1850

Commenced

Monday Oct 7th 1850

Sunday Oct 6 1850

~~Saturday Oct 5 1850~~

Tuesday Oct 7 1850



Anna Coffin

Anna Coffin

Lucie Rose.

Anna Coffin

Anna Coffin

Anna Coffin

Anna Coffin

Office of the Eastern
High School

Memorandum of
Board

Friday, Feb. 2nd 1872

Commenced with mild
wind N.E. about noon wind
veered to the south and it rained
until night

John Mayhew

Rev. B. J. Ford

Mass.

Thomas Martha Fingora

Received of

~~From the Secretary~~
~~To J. H. Mendenhall~~
~~To be on hand~~
 1872

Industry - Trade Co
 Captains
 694
 464
 266
 1724

~~...~~
 ...

~~Saml. J. Eastman~~

~~To Frank C. Merchant~~

~~For~~

1872

~~\$20.00~~

~~Recd of~~

~~Frank C. Merchant~~

1872

~~P. H. Percuss~~

~~Postmaster~~

~~Vineyard Grove~~

~~1874~~

~~A. B. Vincent~~

13

~~Little Brown Bag~~

1840
1841
1842

~~Handwritten signature~~

Handwritten signature
Handwritten signature
Handwritten signature

I am going to Boston
Mass

John C. Bigelow
Mark H. Martin

Mark H. Martin

J. P. White

Wm. T. Baynes Dr

4th Sept @ 15 60

4th Mass @ 20 00
8th Prison @ 20 00

Samuel J. Pollock

Samuel J. Pollock
Mass.



of the ...

of the ...

of the ...

of the ...

of the ...

of the ...

of the ...

Daniel English

of the City of

Mass.

George A. Woodgett

of the City of

Edgerton

Mass.

Mass.

Mass.

B.

W

W. H. Stee

W. H. Stee

W. H. Stee

W. H. Stee

W. H. Stee

14
David Keaton
Chief of Court
Lake County

The Step Master
The Secret of Storm
Castle.

The Secret of Storm. The Secret of Storm.
The Secret of Storm. The Secret of Storm.
The Secret of Storm. The Secret of Storm.
The Secret of Storm. The Secret of Storm.

I say words

to the Boston

High School

Boston Massachusetts

This is the way you
should study

in the Grammar School



of the Boston
High School

Massachusetts

to our Boston

Lizzie P. Merchant

May

Self Boston Lizzie P. P.

Lizzie P. Merchant

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Edgemoor

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Quincy Co
Dana Co

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Common & Common

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Edgemoor Mass

Dear Sir
I have the pleasure
to acknowledge the receipt
of your letter of the 11th inst.

and in reply to inform you

that the same has been
forwarded to the proper
authorities for their consideration.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. W.

Enclosed find
a copy of the report
of the Committee on
the subject of the
proposed amendment
to the Constitution
of the State.

[illegible]

WITH cords of finest silver
Is strung the harp of life,
To swell each note and echo
With which each scene is rife.
This harp within each bosom
E'er finds a resting-place,
And vibrates to each passion,
Each sweet and shiny grace.

The softest breath of Spring-time
Now wakes its trembling strings,
And feasts the soul with music
Sweet as a seraph sings.
Then bursts a winter's whirlwind
Till shrieks its strings with wrath,
Like screams of fell Alceto
Astray from Pulto's path.

Not all alike, while tumult
Will shake the strings of these,
The lowest lull of summer
The cords of those will please.
An angel's golden pinion
E'er shields it from the storm,
Nor lets but love's sweet whispers
Unto its notes conform.

It never sings the tempests,
Nor moans with dismal pain
Of wailing winds autumnal,
That darkly sweeps the plain;
But in a nook of sunshine,
From passions far remote,
It hears the soothing murmur
Of sweet affection's note.

But sweet or shrill the music
One's harp of life hath sung,
A blast o'er each will tremble
And leave its cords unstrung;
On earth, forever silent,
Its tuneless voice will be,
Forgetful of love's zephyr,
And all earth's melody.

But, on the plains of Eden,
Amid the groves of bliss,
Life's harp anew shall waken
Its strings to happiness.
Sweet by the gales ambrosial,
It ne'er will breathe but joy;
No wrangling note discordant
Will e'er its strings employ.

Original.

MY SAILOR BOY.

MY sailor boy is on the sea,
Perchance beneath the foaming wave.
I know not what his fate may be,
Mother's love is weak to save.
Yet round his heart it forms a chain
Which links him to his home again!

Return! my sailor boy, return!
Through tempest nights I dream of thee;
And when the lightning's round me burn
I think their flash lights up the sea!
I'd bide thee fast with cords of love,
And never more would let thee rove.

Nay, nay, my selfish soul, be still!
I'll let him cross the briny seas,
And bid him do his Maker's will,
Nor seek for wealth or fame or ease.
'Tis earnest work to live a life
Outside the storms of sin and strife!

'Tis earnest work the port to reach,
Of endless joy, of sinless bliss.
For breakers dash along our beach,
And oft our bark is wrecked in this!
But Faith and Hope will stand a gale
Which tatters many a feebler sail!

The trusting heart naught can destroy,
The winds and waves are in his hand;
God speed thy ship, my sailor boy,
In safety to thy native land.
And grant thy mother's earnest prayer,
In hope to wait, in faith to bear!

HELEN MAR.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

THERE lived, near Bologna, a widow lady of the
Lambertina family, called Madonna Lucrezia,
who, in a revolution of the State, had known the
bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her
bread, kneeling day after day, like a statue, at the
gate of the cathedral, her rosary in her left hand,
and her right hand held out for charity, her long
black veil concealing a face that had once adorned
a court, and had received the homage of as many
sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

But fortune had at length relented; a legacy
from a distant relative had come to her relief, and
she was now the mistress of a small inn at the
foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as
well as she could, and where those only stopped
who were contented with a little. The house was
still standing, when in my youth I passed that
way, though the sign of the White Cross—the
Cross of the Hospitallers—was no longer to be seen
over the door, a sign which she had taken, if we
may believe the tradition there, in honor of a ma-
terial uncle, a grand master of that order, whose
achievements in Palestine she would sometimes re-
late. A mountain stream ran through the garden;
and at no great distance, where the road turned on
its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which
a lamp was always burning before a picture of the
Virgin—a picture of great antiquity, the work of
some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all who
new her, when an event took place which threw
her into the deepest affliction. It was at noonday,
in September, that three foot travelers arrived,
and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-
trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by
a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her for-
mer self.

The eldest, spoke like a Venetian, and his beard
was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice.
In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his
look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled,
which he did continually, it was with his lips only
not with his eyes; and they were always turned
from ours. His companions were bluff and frank
in their manner, and on their tongues were many
a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal,
such as in that age was often distributed in war;
and they were evidently subalterns in one of those
free bands which were always ready to serve in
any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a
pate was a little more than a mockery; and the
pin, as on an opera stage, were up and fighting
now. Overcome with the heat, they threw
their cloaks, and with their gloves tucked un-
der their belts, continued for some time in earnest

At length they arose to go, and the Venetian
thus addressed their hostess:

"Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof,
for a day or two, this bag of gold?"

"You may," she replied, gayly. But remember,
we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we
have none in our village; and if we had, where
would be your security?"

"In your word, lady."

"But what if I die to-night, where would it be
then?" said she, laughingly. "The money would
go to the church, for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledg-
ment."

"If you will write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly,
and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village
physician, who had just called by chance to learn
the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when
applied for, but to be delivered (these were the
words) not to one, nor to two, but to three—words
wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged,
knowing what they knew of each other. The gold
they had just released from a miser's chest in
Perugia, and they were on a scent that promised
more.

They and their shadows were no sooner depart-
ed than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give
leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others
done;" and she placed it on the table before
him. But in that moment she was called away to
receive a cavalier who had just dismounted from
horse; and when she came back it was gone. Tem-
ptation had proved irresistible.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, an
agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck.
"What will become of you? Unhappy child, would
thou hadst never been born!"

All day long she lamented; but her tears availed
her little. The others were not slow in returning
to claim their due; and there were no tidings of
the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder.
A process against her was instantly begun in Bo-
logna; and what defence could she make? How
release herself from the obligations of the bond? Wil-
fully, or in negligence, she had parted with it to
one, when she should have kept it for all; and
inevitable ruin awaited her!

"Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "and
take this veil which your mother has worn and
wept under so often, and implore the counsellor
Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He
is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate.
But if he will not, go from door to door; Mondaldi
cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but re-
member the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing
prosperous without a prayer."

Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retain-
ed against them; those demanded more than they
had to give; and all bade them despair. What was
to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come
on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student
of the law—a young man of great promise, Loren-
zo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently
under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who,
though of little stature, was great in renown, and
by his cotemporaries was called the arch-doctor,
the rabbi of doctors, the light of the world. Under
him Lorenzo had studied, sitting on the same
bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter,
Novella, who would often lecture the scholars when
her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself
behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should di-
vert their thoughts; a precaution, in this instance,
at least, unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart
to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; hut of what
assistance can he be? He has just taken his place
at the bar, hut he has never spoken; and how
could he stand up alone, unpractised and unpre-
pared as he was, against an array that would alarm
the most experienced?

"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he,
"my tears for you would make me as nothing.
But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend
of the friendless give me strength in that hour!
Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will,
while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother
shall never want. I will beg through the world for
you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The
claim is stated, and evidence given. And now the
defence is called for, but none is made, not a syllable
is uttered; and, after a pause and a consulta-
tion of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to
give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in
the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses
them:

"Reverend signors, young as I am, may I ven-
ture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf
of one who has none else to help her; and I will
not keep you long. Much has been said—much
on the sacred nature of the obligation, and we ac-
knowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled,
and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what
we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be
delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—
not to two—but to three. Let the three stand
forth and claim it.

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?)
none were sought, none employed, but the subtle,
the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame;
nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-
feast, or who sat beside him?

Original.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'LL think of thee in sorrow,
I'll think of thee in pain;
I'll think of thee when roaming
O'er the verdant grassy plain;
Where laughing brooklets gladly leap
To meet the falling rain.

I'll think of thee 'mid dazzling scenes,
Where artful beauties seek
To storm the unsuspecting heart,
And jealous Syrens wreak
Their vengeance on unguarded ones
In guise so sweet and meek.

Yes, dearest, wheresoe'er I roam,
Where'er I chance to be;
While struggling on through changing life
My only thought will be,
"Thou art the star which guides my hopes;"
Ah! yes, I'll think of thee.

"AMPHIBIS."

GIVE ME THAT FLOWER!

GIVE me that little flower!
Give it with a smile;
And, when from thee, full many an hour
With it I will beguile.

Give to me that little flower!
'Twill not be amiss;
And, when from thee, full many an hour,
I'll press it with a kiss.

Give to me that little flower!
Give it with a tear;
And when from thee, full many an hour,
I'll ask that thou art near.

IMPORTANT REQUISITES IN A WIFE.

The knowledge of domestic duties is beyond all
price to a woman. Every one of the sex ought to
know how to sew and knit, and mend, and cook,
and superintend a household. In every situation
of life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of
great advantage. There is no necessity that the
gaining of such information should interfere with
intellectual acquirement, or even elegant accom-
plishment. A well-regulated mind can find time
to attend to them all. When a girl is nine or ten
years old, she should be accustomed to take some
regular share in household duties, and feel respon-
sible for the manner in which her part is perform-
ed—such as her own mending, washing the cups
and putting them in place, cleaning silver, or
dusting and arranging the parlor. This should
not be done occasionally, and neglected whenever
she finds it convenient; she should consider it her
department. When older than twelve, girls should
begin to take turns in superintending the house-
hold, making puddings, pies, cakes, &c. To learn
effectually, they should actually do these things
themselves, and not stand by and see others do
them. Many a husband has been ruined for want
of these domestic qualities in a wife, and many a
husband has been saved from ruin by his wife be-
ing able to manage well the household concerns.

Original.

HEART-THOUGHTS.

O! that my soul might reach the goal it longs for,
And view the glories of the land unseen;
Taste the pure waters of the crystal river,
And wander ever 'mid those pastures green.

I've sought a one deep, untainted fountain,
At a well where soul might freely drink;
But 'tis a turbid waters,
And hopes all sink.

ariation.	Diff. of Lq	ed to long for,	ch to reach;	by Ob.
		ch ever,	whitened	
		holy	ov	

day of 18

MUCH

It is us

stance for a man

three times; but of d

thought little of St. Jerome men

low that married her twenty-second

his turn had been married to twenty

ely an experienced couple! A woman

abeth Masi, who died at Florence, in 1768,

been married to seven husbands, all of whom

utlive: She married the last of the seven

twenty. When on her death-bed,

a good and bad points in each of

and having impartially weighed

nce, she singled out her fifth spouse

nd desired that her remains might

ur his. The death of a soldier is

1784, who had had five wives; and

aged ninety, wept over the grave of her

usband. The writer who mentioned these

naively added, "The said soldier was much

hed to the marriage state." There is an ac-

f a gentleman who had been married to

s, and who lived to be one hundred and

old. When he died, he left twenty-

ldren" alive and well, some of the said

ng from three to four score. A gen-

at Bordeaux, in 1772, who had been

en times.

38, a couple were living in Essex

en married eighty-one years, the hus-

ne hundred and seven; and the wife

red and three years of age. At the

St. Clement Danes, in 1772, a woman

married to her sixth husband.

See not to hide, in your own person, the august
and respectable marks of time. Such a revolt against
nature is but impotent blasphemy. Is not autumn
beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be
ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea
green?

Father! the blow is heavy! Let Thy hand
Be ready to support my fainting heart.
And grant that in Thy strength I may withstand
The bitter pang of sorrow's keenest dart.
'Tis Thine to wound, and Thine to heal the smart.

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, very
suddenly, of congestion of the lungs, Capt Joseph
Holley, aged 58 years, 3 months and 8 days,
Director in the Martha's Vineyard

LINES

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A YOUNG LADY SAY SHE HAD
"NOTHING TO LIVE FOR."

GO take a stroll, Miss Jenny De Blain,
Some raw chilly day through Barbary Lane,
Where want is staring through doorway and pane.

You have plenty to wear and plenty to eat,
But in that horrible place you surely will meet
Little half-starved children with shivering feet.

You can furnish them bread and shoes to wear;
Ought your purse to be full and their little feet bare?
And their young faces old with premature care?

And think of the mother, toiling and weeping,
Lone and disconsolate, nightly keeping
Vigils o'er her aching babes that are sleeping.

Stitching and thinking till the lamp burns low,
Her brain in whirl, her pulse getting slow,
And her weak neck flushing with the hectic glow.

Exhausted at length, less living than dead,
She reclines with her babes on the rickety bed,
While they dream of their dreams for a morsel of bread.

For a morsel of bread, but now vain are their cries;
So the poor man closes her tear-swollen eyes
To sleep and ere the sun walks up in the skies.

These poor living creatures live in Barbary Lane,
Then go and lieve them, Miss Jenny De Blain,
And never me you've "nothing to live for" again.

"Nothing to live for!" so young and so fair,
When the need is in want of your care?
Now repeat those words, Jenny, again, if you dare!

You have nothing to live for; there's a God on high
Who waits you ever with a vigilant eye,
And bids give heed to the lone orphan's cry.
INA CLAYTON.

Original

EVA ELVINGTON.

BY REBECCA FORBES.

"Soldiers! I pity them!" ejaculated Eva Elvington, as she laid down the paper she had been reading. For some time she sat musing on the miseries of the sick and wounded, and her young heart ached with sorrow; but soon it seemed as if a bright thought had entered her head, she arose and went to her room.

God! her writing-dark she penned a delicate epistle, which each sentence was fraught with sympathy, insomuch that any observer would be astonished at the writer was in real earnest. Not daring to sign her name she merely put at the bottom of the note her initials, C. C. Now she was in a dilemma. Who was she to address her letter to? She knew not; she had been too intent on her own thoughts; but suddenly she remembered herself and addressed, "Sick Soldiers, Watford."

She mailed it she broke into a merry laugh and wondered what would become of it, or what they would think of it.

Colonel Porter sat idly toying with a newspaper, in one of our fashionable hotels. He was tall and rather prepossessing in appearance, but within his large black eye was a settled melancholy. Soon there was a rap at his door and he said, "Come in, thinking it was his servant. A gentleman entered, and his Colonel, how are you?" showed him to be a stranger there.

"I am gaining rapidly! I think I shall be able to return to camp before the much talked-of truce comes off," he replied.

"Indeed, I hope you will. But I have brought something; just guess what it is," said his visitor, laughingly.

"Don't think I can guess. I am not a good guesser in that line," replied Hugh, not knowing to guess.

"Well, if you won't try I will show it to you. Who do you suppose it is from," he continued, displaying a delicate little billet.

"Aunt, probably."

"No, sir, not your aunt. Guess again."

"Guess again; I can't. I have no lady correspondents, and evidently it is from one," he replied, looking quite puzzled; and, even though he was a little curious, too.

"Why you can't guess a might, I believe; but surely you can guess who it is addressed to," urged his friend, not willing to give up the puzzle easy.

"Addressed to? Why to Hugh Porter," he exclaimed, certain he was right this time.

"O sir," replied the visitor, with great emphasis, "then, to Colonel Porter."

"O, nor to Colonel Porter either."

"Decide take it, then! What other way is it addressed, I would like to know?" said the visitor, laughing, and completely puzzled.

"Give a number of other ways; but it is not sent to you at all," answered his guest, much at Hugh's perplexity.

"All I thought you said it was for me when you mailed it. It is for you."

"Come! now, Charles, do explain yourself a little so silly," said Hugh, quite at a loss to what to make of the affair. A letter for a soldier not addressed to him was rather a puzzle to see into.

"Well, if I let you have it will you tell me what it is?"

"Certainly."

"Then, here it is," and he passed him the note.

"Soldiers," what an address," he murmured as he took it.

"Reading the note he proceeded to read it; and, about half read, he exclaimed:—
"What a letter!"

"Are pleased with it?" Read it out, if it is," said the visitor, who was waiting patiently for Porter to tell him something about it.

low would go to, he could examine it more minutely.

"I have an engagement at ten, so I must leave. Good night."

"Good-night," returned Hugh, glad that the fellow was off.

He examined the letter over and over, and then, seeming to be satisfied, he took his writing materials and penned her a note, begging her to reveal her name and send him her *carte de visite*.

Colonel Porter went to the office, and there she saw her letter addressed to "C. C." She got it and was surprised to see the name of her correspondent written out in full. After she had read it over about a dozen times she determined to answer it right away; but was she going to let him know her name? She merely sent him her *carte de visite*, telling him that it was impossible for her to appear to reveal her name, as she did not wish any person to know that she had written such a letter.

'Twas the day before the battle of — that Colonel Porter received a letter, in the well-known hand-writing; he opened it, and such a picture of loveliness never greeted his eyes before. Let us peep over his shoulder. There was a young lady not more than seventeen years of age; she was a blonde; large, blue eyes, and such golden hair that fell in natural ringlets around her shoulders. He admired it for quite a while, and then, remembering that his time was limited, he penned her a note, told her that every hour they were expecting an engagement with the enemy, and, if he should fall in the conflict, he wished her to remember that she was the only young lady he ever corresponded with, and the only one he ever loved.

The next day they had a battle. Among the brave that fell was Colonel Porter. He was taken to the surgeon and was soon restored to consciousness. His wound was not mortal; but one that would keep him from duty for quite a time. For a while he stayed in the hospital; but as soon as he was able to travel he set out on a journey; and where to, do you suppose? Why, having no near relatives, he concluded to go to Medford. Queer, wasn't it, that he should think of going there?

"Nellie, I have got myself into a queer position," said Eva to her elder sister.

"Have you, Eva? I hope it is not by any of your foolish capers."

"Well, yes, I do, Nellie; but I want you to help me out of it."

"Now, Eva, what have you been about?"

"Nothing very bad, only I have written a letter out of fun, got an answer, and now the gentleman is in town and wishes to see me. I would like, of course, to see him, and I don't want to go to Watford."

"There, Eva, I am astonished. How could you have done so?" exclaimed Nellie.

"You need not get mad, Nellie."

"I ain't; but I shall not be a third party to your actions and keep it from me."

"There, Nellie, I might have expected you would say so; but you have forgotten yourself and Steve. What have you? Tell me what I have told you, and I will tell him that you got letters from him."

"I shall not have anything to do with it," exclaimed Nellie, as she walked off, not allowing Eva to tell her anything more.

Seeing she could not get any aid from that quarter, she determined not to reveal her name, even now, to Porter, but wait and see if luck would throw them together.

Porter had dropped a note for her in the office, when he first arrived, feeling confident that now, as he was in town, the young lady would have no scruple concerning making her name known.

Great was his surprise, therefore, when he received her note, and she still declined giving her name.

An idea now occurred to him whereby he was most sure of success. It was to inquire of the landlord whose initials C. C. were. Even there he was foiled, for there were several in town, whose names commenced with the same letters.

That night there was a grand ball in the village, and he determined to attend it, even though his health would not permit him to participate of the dancing. Early in the evening he was at his post, with the *carte de visite* in his breast-pocket, for he was going to try to find the original there. Eva entered towards the middle of the evening, and, as soon as her eye met his, she knew he was Colonel Porter. He also recognized her; but, of course, neither one was aware that they were known. As soon as possible Hugh got an introduction, and made himself as agreeable as he could. Eva was delighted; she liked his appearance very much, and didn't even suspect that he knew who he was paying his attentions to. O! Eva, you are cheated!

Soon Colonel Porter was a very frequent visitor at Judge Elvington's, but he never once alluded to the letter to Eva, and she thought he had forgotten all the fine promises he had made to C. C., now he was so social with her. At last he was well enough to return to his regiment, and, at the last visit, he showed Eva the *carte de visite*, and they promised to continue their correspondence.

Six months had passed! Hugh appeared to be born for misfortunes, for again he was wounded, and this time, it is feared, a mortal wound. Eva was soon by his couch, and, after a few weeks good nursing he showed signs of recovery. When she returned again to Medford it was as Mrs. Hugh Porter. Now she is waiting and watching every battle, praying for her husband to be spared to her. Thus, by one letter of sympathy she gained a husband.

Written for the Waverley Magazine.

REST.

REST for the tired hands
When the work of life is done;
Rest for the weary feet
When the race of life is run;
Rest for the aching head
When the care of life is o'er;
Best for the breaking heart
When sin shall vex no more!

HELEN MAR.

An enamored youth says his weakness is lassitude.

THE SHADOWS.

Together, at home in the parlor,
We sat chatting, gayly and free;
I know I was pleased with his nonsense,
And I guess he was pleased, too, with me.
You've seen, as you've sat in the lamplight,
How oddly the shadows oft fall,
Well—will you believe it?—his shadow
Was kissing mine then on the wall.

I think it was awful, but somehow
It all appeared perfectly right;
You know, things don't look in the daytime
The same as they seem in the night.
I suppose it was horrible—very—
And scarcely dare tell you that when
I saw them once more there, his shadow
Was kissing my shadow again.

This, sure, was beyond all endurance,
And should have been stopped—it is true;
But when shadows set up to act so,
What can a poor little girl do?
It should, I acknowledge, have threatened,
And shaken its dear little fist—
Alas! for depraved human nature,
It just put up its mouth to be kissed!

AFTER THE STORM.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the Snow-wind and the Sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God!
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn—
Love's hidden intent.

SYMPATHY.—A blind beggar was one day accosted by a clergyman, at whose request he detailed the circumstances under which he had lost his sight—accidental exposure to the blasting of a rock by gunpowder. The reverend querist, after listening, said, very feelingly—

"Well, my poor man, I pity you, and could drop a tear over your misfortune," at the same time offering him nothing.

"Thank you, sir," replied the beggar; "but I'd rather you'd drop a shilling into my hat."

ONE MORE CHANCE.—An eccentric preacher, seeing a flylight upon the Bible, improved the occasion as follows:—"Ye godless sinners, ye shall be damned every one of you, as sure as I shall catch that fly!" Here he made a fell swoop with his hand, and thought he had caught it; opening each finger slowly till the last, he found it was not there, and said, "By the hookey, I have missed it! There's a chance for ye sinful ragamuffins, yet!"

SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

We have been lovers now, my dear,
It matters nothing to say how long,
But still at the coming round o' th' year
I make for my pleasure a little song;
And thus of my love I sing, my dear—
So much the more by a year, by a year.

And still as I see the day depart,
And hear the bat at my window sit,
I sing the little song to my heart,
With just a change at the close of it,
And thus of my love I sing away—
So much the more by a day, by a day.

When in the morning I see the skies
Breaking into a gracious glow,
I say, you are not my sweetheart's eyes,
Your brightness cannot mislead me so;
And I sing of my love in the rising light—
So much the more by a night, by a night.

Both at the year's sweet dawn and close,
When the moon is filling, or fading away,
Every day, as it comes and goes,
And every hour of every day,
My little song I repeat and repeat—
So much the more by an hour, my sweet!

—Atlantic Monthly.

USE.—Use only renders abuse familiar; and thus evil, sanctioned by custom, is the more reprehensible.

"The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so: the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

There is light beyond the river, when the sun is low, and the moon is high, and the stars are out, and the night is deep, and the silence is sweet, and the peace is great, and the joy is full, and the love is true, and the hope is bright, and the faith is strong, and the charity is pure, and the grace is abundant, and the glory is everlasting.

Thurloe Weed thinks the war will have cost, at its termination, at least four thousand millions of dollars, and that three-fourths of this amount will remain as a national debt.

Original.

CHURCH BELLS.

THIS a summer Sabbath morning,
Stillness lingers on the air;
Fragrance from a thousand rosebuds
Is floating everywhere.
As I sit beside my window,
Gazing out upon the scene,
My whole soul is filled with beauty,
All is peaceful and serene.

A thousand gushing memories
Come thronging o'er my soul,
As just now I hear the music,
Solemn, of the church bell's toll;
For it speaks to me of childhood,
Of my happy early years,
When naught was sad but petty griefs,
And boyhood's maiden tears.

It tells me of a cottage home,
All planted round with trees,
Where every bird-note seemed so sweet
When borne upon the breeze;
Of a mother kind and cheerful,
With a meek and gentle face,
Ere yet the lines of sorrow,
Had deeply left their trace.

My brothers, too, I love them
As when together we
Oftt played beside our doorway,
Beneath the cherry tree,
I often think of pleasures,
Joys of youth's early day,
Though many wiles now intervene,
And they are far away.

Toll, toll, ye ancient bells,
In yonder towers gray,
For memories oft ye bring to me
Of childhood's happy day.
Full many a Sabbath morning,
Like this, then on me shone,
While the future lay before me
As a distant great unknown.

AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

Original.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

I'VE breathed no sigh, I've shed no tear,
Where brother takes his rest;
I've never knelt upon the sod
That lies upon his breast.

He sleeps afar from childhood's home,
Mid stranger graves, alone;
And they who pass that lowly mound
Repeat the word, "unknown."

Unknown to them the mother's hopes,
That entered once in him;
Unknown to them the sister's love
Not death itself can dim.

O! could we but have closed his eyes,
Received his parting breath;
And heard him speak one kind good-bye
Before he slept in death,

It would have been a pleasure sad
To treasure up the scene;
A painful lesson fraught with good
For memory's hand to gleam.

We cannot place one flowery wreath,
Embalmed in sorrow's tear,
To breathe its last sweet fragrance out
Above the lost and dear.

Yet, will the moonlight, soft and pure,
His couch with beauty lave;
And angels from their stary home,
Keep watch o'er brother's grave.

A. H.

Original.

WHY THE POET SINGS.

YOU ask me why the poet sings
His plaintive lays so sweet and low;
You ask, but you must surely know
The answer which unbidden springs.

Go ask the wild-bird why he trills
In leafy grove his rippling song,
And listen as he floats along
Toward the blue of distant hills.

And you will catch, amid the strain,
A deeper note that tells your heart
His life and song may never part,
Since praise to God employs the twain.

Thus, to the poet, song is life!
The outward reaching after light;
The upward gaze with blinded sight;
The child-like faith that in the strife.

God's hand shall guide his steps aright—
All these are his, and so he sings,
Because his heart is full, and springs
Upward, to heavenly love and light.

LILLY LOVETTE.

MR. RICHARD ST. JOHN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

AND that was the way I met him—the man whom I had heard exalted to the skies—the inimitable, the irresistible, the unconquerable and all other imaginable *bles*; Richard St. John, the travelled wonder, the millionaire, the proprietor of Ellensbury Hall? Yes, I met him, and where? Good friend, I don't mind telling you, for, of course, you wouldn't betray my confidence.

I was sitting perched on the top rail of a fence, with a basket in my lap, my bonnet in my hand, my hair in beautiful true love's knots, and my face in a glorious perspiration; just such an one as anybody gets up in hot July. I may as well say, in this connection, that I had been picking beans for dinner. Well, I was sitting on the top of the fence, just preparing for a spring to the other side, when along came a man seated very cozy on the back of a splendid grey horse. Now I have a passion for horses, and grey is my favorite color. So I looked at the horse with a polite stare, and the animal not thinking it worth his while to return the compliment, his rider very kindly took the responsibility on himself and stared me out of countenance.

Well, thought I, that's no gentleman, and I don't care if he did see me on the fence. "Like as not," I added aloud, by way of comforting myself, "like as not he is an Irish porter on a spree, or a fourth rate dandy in clothes belonging to some honest tailor!"

Did an "body tell you that I 'Bel Hariman, am a confirmed coquette?" (or was sometime ago before I became a lady.) I'll confess to it, own it, it's the truth, and I don't seek to deny it. I credit my honesty.

that important

sonally, but report had been talking to me about him for several years.

(*Par parenthese*; in my father's family lived my Aunt Ruth Boyd, as blessed an old lady as ever wore muslin caps and didn't take snuff, and, like all other blessed old ladies, Aunt Ruth had a hobby, and the name it bore was Mr. Richard St. John. Aunt Ruth had taken it into her head that her deceased husband's nephew, Richard St. John, and her sister's child, 'Bel—my veritable self—would make a "fine match," and it was just as impossible to eradicate this curious impression of hers as it would be to find a patent medicine that is not better than any other. Mr. Richard had been visiting Europe for a few years, and immediately on his return home he had, at the urgent request of Aunt Ruth, received a cordial invitation to visit at my father's house whenever he could make it convenient.)

Well, I climbed down from the fence and went home. Arrived there I deposited the basket of beans on the kitchen table and sought the shade of the parlor.

"O! Aunt Ruth," I began in an elevated strain, as though addressing a 'demonstration' meeting, "I have had *such* a long walk, and the beans were so—"

"Bel, you do not notice there is a stranger present. Mr. St. John, Isabel; Miss Hariman, Richard."

And my good aunt bowed with the stately grace suitable to so momentous an occasion.

I bowed, too, but a little coldly, for I felt conscious that some small portion of mother Earth's delicious soil had covered my nasal organ into a dim brocade, and my eyes were so full of dust that I could hardly distinguish Mr. St. John from my portly aunt. And, feeling a little awkward, I retreated to the kitchen, after being informed by Mr. St. John that it was a sultry day and there might be showers before sundown.

I retreated to the kitchen and went to shelling beans, washing my face before commencing, for "I did not know who might come in upon me," to use the expression of an old lady who barred every door in the house while she extracted a white hair from her well-preserved locks. I have a horror of dirty faces, in babies, especially, when everything ought to be pure, like their own sinless souls, and I don't believe I could love a dirty baby to save me from the wrath of its mother.

Somebody says there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and a queer genius, in alluding to this truism, remarks that if Laura had been so unfortunate as to have had a boil upon her nose, or a cold in her head, when Petrarch first met her, her name and memory would have gone down to oblivion, uncared for and unsung!

Petrarch was no acquaintance of mine, and I have nothing to say about that; but Mr. St. John seemed to forget that he had seen me with a spot of dirt upon my nose, for he very graciously sought me in the kitchen and offered to help me shell beans. So across the bowl of beans I looked at him, and across the bowl of beans he looked at me, and across the bowl of beans we got acquainted.

Richard St. John was good looking—I don't mean handsome or pretty—but good looking. He had the face of a man instead of a monkey, his eyes spoke an acquaintanceship with a soul, and over all his countenance gleamed the light of a good, true and virtuous heart.

I liked Mr. Richard St. John, but my coquettish spirit wouldn't allow me to be pleased with him, so I wasn't. We finished shelling beans and went out in the garden. Mr. St. John said a great many pleasant things to me, and I said a great many saucy things to him, and with it all we managed to get as uncomfortable as two rational people well could. Mr. St. John's pride was aroused, and I was piqued and dissatisfied with myself and everybody else, and Mr. St. John went over in a fit of— to say the least—reserve.

Aunt Ruth scolded, and said I had "spoiled myself in his eyes forever and acted like a silly, foolish child," and, as I was of the same opinion, I did not choose to argue the point with her. However, Mr. St. John was not mortally offended, for he came over to the farm again that week, but his manner towards me was politely repelling.

Then to be revenged on him for that I flirted most prodigiously with Joe Lansy (Joe was the beau of the place), and for my pains received a contemptuous smile from Mr. St. John.

Aunt Ruth's amiable countenance underwent an astonishing elongation, and the thermometer of my mother's opinion of me fell below zero. Altogether things went about as cross grained as they possibly could, and more than once I heartily wished St. John "out west." (Of course I should have wished to be there too.)

Mr. St. John rode over to the farm almost every day, chatted with Aunt Ruth and my good mother; complimented my father on his flourishing crops; learned my little brother, Eddie, to fly his kite; and said nothing whatever to me.

Thus it went on until the first part of September, when, one delightful morning, Mr. St. John came over from the city, accompanied by a lady—both on horseback—and after introducing his companion as Miss Marietta Stanwood, "a friend of his," he gave Aunt Ruth and I a most cordial invitation to accompany them as far as Lilly Pond. Did it on purpose, I suppose, to show his splendid horsemanship and his fine lady companion.

Aunt Ruth, who was a most excellent equestrienne, accepted the invitation for herself and niece, and in a half-hour we were off. Mr. St. John rode very lovingly at Miss Stanwood's bridle rein, and I played cavalier to Aunt Ruth. About a mile from the farm my horse took it into his head that exercise was a grand thing, and he speedily demonstrated the theory of setting off upon a fly-away canter, which soon degenerated into a dead run. Three miles from where we had left our party he laid me in a very undignified position upon a brush-heap and went on his way rejoicing, no doubt. I wasn't much hurt, but I was frightened and tired, and I concluded to lie still and get rested. In five minutes Mr. St. John's horse came tearing up to my "let de repos," with Mr. St. John upon his back. That gentleman sprang off as if a creditor was after him, and, making straight towards me, caught me up frantically. And I, just to vex him, feigned insensibility.

"Great God! she is dead! and I have been the

And Mr. St. John placed me in a frightful position to his vest pattern (black satin) and gave me a polar-bear squeeze.

"Don't don't! you'll kill me, sir! you're worse than the horse!"

I know it wasn't very polite in me to make such a comparison, but Mr. St. John's embrace was like a lunatic's jacket. He wasn't offended; it seemed, for a gleam of the most intense joy vivified his face. He held me out at arm's length and took a survey of me as one does of a piece of cloth of suspicious texture; then, drawing me up to his vest-pattern again, said good-humoredly:—

"Isabel let us be done with this silly coquetry, this nonsensical pride! I love you very dearly, Isabel. Will you say the same to me?"

I only said:—"Your Marietta is coming!"

And he put me down with a kiss burning upon my lips.

Well Marietta did come, and Aunt Ruth also; but with a world of terror in their faces, and a volley of congratulations, at my lucky escape, on their lips.

Mr. St. John rode off in pursuit of my recreant beast, leaving the ladies in charge of me. In a short time he returned, leading the subdued animal, who, by this time, had found out that exercise wasn't such a wonderful grand thing after all. Mr. St. John seated me in the saddle and this time he rode at my bridle instead of Marietta's; to keep my horse from running away, of course.

We arrived safely at home, and after riding over to the city with Marietta, Mr. St. John returned to the farm and passed the evening. We sat on the sofa together and talked of shelling beans and—well, I don't know as that is anybody's business.

Aunt Ruth lost ten years of care from her good old face, and Mr. St. John got to be better looking than ever.

Now why may I not tell of it at once without a long rambling story? I became Mrs. St. John just two months from the day on which I took my memorable ride.

Mr. St. John is a perfect "jewel of a husband," and I advise all the girls, who can, to get one precisely like him!

A WAR SONG.

IT is midnight, and a silence
Hangs about the tented camp,
Only broken in its stillness
By the watchful sentry's tramp;
By the singing of the breezes
Through the branches of the pines,
Or the watchword, softly whispered,
As we pass along the lines.

Soldiers sleeping, sweetly dreaming
Of their homes, far, far away,
Where the loved ones, kind and gentle,
Weary wait and watch and pray—
Besting now for the to-morrow
Which may call them to the fray—
Gathering strength by Nature's aiding—
Strength their brother men to slay.

Day is dawning, dimly, grayly,
In the border of the sky,
And the bugle soon will banish
Sleep from every soldier's eye.
Hark! a roaring like the tempest
When it brake among the trees—
Like the simoon when it sweepeth
O'er the breast of India's seas.

Up and arm ye! Sound the bugle!
Not the tempest which ye hear,
'Tis the thunder of the war-steeds—
'Tis the sound of foemen near!
Like a whirlwind on they're rushing!
Let them come, but come to die—
Fighting foemen ever ready
For the fray, but not ill.

Firm battalions, calm and steady,
Let each man be sure and true—
Let each "haillet and his billet"
They are dark, we are few!
There they darken—Fire! Now hearken
To the shriek and to the groan—
Fix your bayonets—charge ye boldly!
Nobly done—the battle's won.

OLD MAIDS.

HAVE mercy on us! Don't mention their names! Why, they are as numerous now as flies in dog-days; but what will we be able to compare them with, when this rebellion is crushed? Heaven knows! I'm sure I don't! It's almost impossible to walk the street five minutes now without meeting enough of them to make quite a respectable army; and what will it be soon? I dare not reflect on it, for fear I will get frightened out of all the little stock of wits I ever had. Why don't Government call out regiments of them, especially of the minister hunters? I think it would be doing the nation a great service. Why, their lantern jaws and green spectacles would about scare the rebels out of their wits; and, gracious heavens! it would leave room for the new supply that there will soon be. I tell you, girls, you'll have to look smart now-adays, if you don't wish to be in the list.

But there! I must not say another word about them, for I may be one myself some of these days. Who knows? If I am, though, it won't be because I was chasing after ministers, I can tell you; neither will it be because I prefer the nice, quiet life of an old maiden lady; and Heaven knows it won't be because I love cats! Any way I will have the privilege then of being twenty-three for a dozen years in succession, which is more than everybody can be. Won't that be a luxury, girls?

I will leave now, bidding you to be ever on your "heel taps." Good bye.

From your future maiden aunt,

REBECCA FORBES.

IF.

IF I were a bird, a dear little bird,
With a beautiful crest and a soft downy wing,
I would fly far away o'er the night-shadowed main,
And close by the window my boat-song would sing.

I would sing, and I warble in musical strains
For the ear that would never be tired of hearing,
And sitting so near on the rose-bending branch,
Perchance through the low study window be peering.

I would look through the casement, and hush the re-
frain,
Which on the soft air of the night had been stealing,
For I know with clasped hands and with reverent head,

Before the All-Wise would my loved one be kneeling.

And I know in your prayers you would whisper my name,
And the beautiful bird would fly to your breast,—
Where from the cold storms and the rough-beating winds,
From all that is worldly would find a sweet rest,

Must forget all feelings save the one;
Must resign all passions save our purpose;
Must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven
And draw down freedom on her overmore.

They never fall who die
In a great cause; the blood may soak their gore;
Their heads may sudden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
E lapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

Byron.

There are times and occasions peculiarly
lapped to awaken serious thought, and to
ach men how hollow and unsubstantial are
earthly things. To reflecting minds these
times and occasions often recur. The chang-
ing seasons, the hours of closing day, always
ing to such thoughts of the past and of the
eat hereafter. With others it is only when
me rude shock arouses them, that any at-
tention is yielded to those things which should
ave their most earnest and deliberate consid-
eration. We are living in a period when, per-
aps, more than ever heretofore, the sense of
securi ty and uncertainty presses upon us,
nd well will it be if we give earnest attention
to those things that make for our peace.

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,—
To be living is sublime.

One year ago, in answer to the call of their
country, a noble band of young men respond-
ed, offering themselves to go forth to face the
ebel hosts, and fight the battles of freedom.
Of that patriotic band was the friend and com-
panion of our childhood—BENJAMIN SMITH, of
Edgartown—upon whose living form we shall,
alas, never look again! He has fallen; not
on the ensanguined field of battle, but within
he sheltering walls of a crowded hospital, a
victim of wasting disease. News of his illness
reached his friends a week ago. Urged by pa-
rental love, his father and mother made haste
to seek the distant bedside of their only son.
While yet on their way, the telegraph an-
nounced that Benjamin was no more. He
died in the hospital at Alexandria, in Virginia,
at half-past six o'clock, on Saturday morning
last, at the early age of twenty-three years.

When they arrived, the lifeless form had
been committed to mother earth; and there,
by the banks of the noble Potomac, he sleeps
the sleep that knows no waking. There will
be rest until it is permitted to his friends—the
only earthly solace they anticipate—to remove
his remains to a final resting-place in the quiet
cemetery of his island-home.

Our readers will call to mind the crowded
gatherings in the Town Hall, one year since,
when manly young men, in the presence of
fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends,
were nobly responding to the urgent call for
volunteers. Many of them well remember the
twenty-ninth of August last, when the schooner
L. Snow left our wharf, crowded with anxious
friends, bearing a precious freight,—young
soldiers, going forth to war; leaving home,
friends, everything, for their country. Sad
was the parting, although outward signs of
emotion may have been concealed; the heart
would feel, and the eye would moisten. With
cheers and hearty farewells they left us, some
of them never to return again. Duty called,
and they went. In the language of one of the
volunteers, describing that parting, "We re-
ceived the most cheering evidence of the love
and kindly feelings with which we were regard-
ed,—a circumstance which, in a great degree,
removed the bitter sting of parting from the
dear ones at home, perhaps never more to
meet again. But we were in fine spirits, feel-
ing a consciousness of having done right; and
we then and there determined to prove true to
the cause we had espoused."

On the third of September, Benjamin and
seven others were mustered into company D

Fortieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volun-
teers; and on the eighth of September, they
left Camp Stanton for the seat of war. For a
month the regiment occupied Fort Ethan Al-
len, one of the immediate defenses of Washing-
ton city. Thence they went to Munson's Hill;
and a week later, they took post at Minor's
Hill, in Virginia, at the extreme right advance
of our army, where they remained until the
middle of February. Here, on the twenty-
eighth of November, died the first volunteer,
Harrington,—certainly the very last of their
number that would have been selected as the
one most likely to have fallen by disease.
After their long quiet in their winter encamp-
ment, but little stay has the Fortieth made in
any one place; they have indeed been
"marching on," and have left their footprints
on many a league of southern soil. Letters
from them have borne date from many widely
distant camps—from Hunter's Chapel, Vienna,
Norfolk, Suffolk, West Point, Yorktown, Wil-
liamsburg, White House Landing, New Kent
County, Frederick City, Alexandria. And
now, with but one of the eight still with the
regiment, and on active duty,—Charles Mac-
reading Vincent,—they are gone still further
south, to aid in another blow at rebeldom.

The death of a young man of pure and noble
principles, stricken down in the midst of open-
ing usefulness, is a deeply afflicting event.
Friends weep and mourn; their grief a
stranger may not intermeddle with, their sor-
row is sacred from intrusion, their loss is irre-
parable; but they are not alone in their grief.
A whole community sympathizes and suffers
also.

Our friend was frank, generous, and manly.
We loved him well, and shall think of him in
years to come, if added years be ours, and call
to mind his virtues, and dwell with mournful
satisfaction upon those incidents of former days,
which memory will ever retain. He grew up
in simple and quiet habits, surrounded by the
purest influences, conversant with good ex-
amples of piety, modesty, and integrity.
With such a character, it does not seem strange
he should have friends; friends not only of his
parents, who loved him as the noble son of
noble parents, but friends of his own, comrades
and associates, who truly loved him and were
loved by him in return. Having been long
his associate, we think of him and of our as-
sociations with him with great pleasure;
through boyhood, school-days and even to man-
hood, we were joined with him, in bonds of
friendship, and each day learned to esteem
him more from having dwelt together in har-
mony and sympathy.

OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY THOMAS F. WINTHROP.

I'm treading on familiar ground,
On soil endeared to me
By many thoughts of by-gone days,
Of youth and infancy;
Sad memories come crowding fast,
And tears my eyelids fill,
As I gaze upon thy ruined pile,
Old school-house on the hill.

Through summer's heat I've climbed the hill,
When roses were in blow,
And trudged with merry, careless air,
Through winter's sleet and snow.
There Nettie first inspired my heart
With love's fresh, sweetest thrill,
Whose memory is sacred,
Old school-house on the hill.

The wall-flower and the ivy green
Creep o'er thy walls to-day;
Time's blighting hand has marked the spot
With tokens of decay.
Where merry voices echoed once,
All now is hushed and still;
But thou art not alone in change,
Old school-house on the hill.

The youthful hearts that sat with me
Upon thy rough-hewn forms,
Have perished, as the flowers fade
Before the autumn storms;
They sleep beneath the willows green,
In the churchyard calm and still;
Thou shalt echo nevermore their songs,
Old school-house on the hill.

Elisha M. Smith, corporal Co. I, 20th Reg-
iment Mass. Volunteers, died from wounds re-
ceived of the third day of battles of Gettys-
burg. A simple mention of the decease of one,
who so eagerly and patriotically espoused his
country's cause, and died in her defence, is not
dealing justly by his sleeping ashes, or the
loved ones left to mourn his fall. Corporal S. was
one of the first volunteers from the Vineyard;
was engaged in a number of battles and by
his faithful performance of every duty and the
cheerful demeanor he exhibited toward all he
won the love and respect of officers and men;
for bravery under most trying scenes he was
promoted to color corporal; badly wounded in
the earlier part of the rebellion, he lingered
for months, bearing with patience and cheer-
fulness the pain his gallantry had won him.
But he has gone; the writer of these lines was
with him but a few hours previous to his receiv-
ing his wounds. He expressed his gratitude
for the success which had crowned our efforts,
and endeavored to look cheerfully upon the
morrow; the morrow came, and with it the
missils of death (numbering him) with his
colors proudly bidding defiance to the advan-
cing foe, with the thousands who had offered
their all on the Altar of Freedom. His grave
is in a strange land; his last resting-place, on
the spot consecrated by the blood that freely
flowed in vanquishing a foe, who would de-
vastate our land, and bring death and destruc-
tion to our own homes and firesides. A SOLDIER
SONG.

THERE'S a wish that we all can chime, boys,
Can well from each heart's deep spring;
A hope we'll foster that time, boys,
Each loved form again may bring,
To share with us, boys,
With all its joys,
Life's journey of sorrows and joys.

Here's a toast that comes from the heart, boys,
And one we'll willingly drink;
Our liquor is worthy its part, boys,
It comes from the spring's clear brink;
Let some fair image rest
Far down in each breast,
While we drink "to the one we love best!"
There'll be visions of eyes of soft blue, boys,
And of waving golden curls;
Or, mayhap, of the raven's dark hue, boys,
Of widely different girls;
But all have one behest—
To waft wishes the best
Far away "to the one we love best!"
Then all fill up to the brim, boys,
As we stand by the glittering brink;
We will drink our toast with a vim, boys,
And let hearts be as pure as the driuks;
And we'll say, let a pest
On the head of him rest
Who can't drink "to the one he loves best!"

YORICK.

It is a waste of raw material to put five dollars worth
of beaver on ten cents worth of brains.

OUR BOYS.

THERE is a significance in the expression, "Our
Boys," when applied to our gallant soldiery,
which cannot, at first sight, be fully appreciated.
"Our Boys!" In camp, playing ball, jumping,
racing, laughing, dancing and singing, all seem to
be "boys"; indeed, just let out of school for a
short, refreshing recess. Some of these "boys"
are fathers and husbands, with the silvery honors
of a ripe seniority sprinkled among their locks.
Some of them are old men, whose heads are al-
ready hoary with the frosts of age. "Our boys!"
In long lines on parade, firm and grim as a thou-
sand statues, or moving in solid, silent phalanx,
making the earth tremble with their firm tread,
how much do they resemble "boys" now? Push-
ing like furies, and hewing the foe to pieces in the
field of battle, how much do they resemble
"boys" there? If these are "boys" where will
you find your men to cut the great harvest of re-
bellion?

"Our boys!" I see a sister looking sadly
through her tears, at the fond, endearing ex-
pression, "Our boys," as she remembers two proud
brothers, whose life-blood was warm and high a
year ago, but has long since oozed out in the
trenches of Fredericksburg or Charlottesville.
"Our boys!" I see another crimson at it as if she
had heard again the voice for whose return she
has long been waiting. And a mother there is, by
the far New England shore, whose eyes grow dim
with watching for the gallant "boys" she sent
away to face a savage foe and save their native
land. Are you one of "our boys," kind sir, who
read these thoughts of mine? Are we your
"boys," dear fair ones? Then, brothers, sisters,
mothers, we know your hearts are throbbing in
patriotic harmony with ours, and we will try to be
"brave boys."
J. M. DALYELL.

SONNET.

FRIEND of my early youth, we know the ties
That bind thy spirit here to earth are strong,
Yet thou the sorrows which to earth belong
Shalt change for happiness which never dies.
Born for a higher sphere, thy prizes rise,
In sunset with thee, to the heavenly throng;
And sunset glory will weave here the guise
In which thy soul will leave this world of wrong.
And though I mourn for thee, my friend, and weep,
That thou wilt leave here for a higher bliss,
Yet glide me not, for soon a wakeless sleep
Will seal those eyes, as with an icy kiss.
Then wilt thou mount the ladder of thy faith,
Whose golden rounds will bear thee o'er the gulf of
death.

WILLIAM HUNTLEY.

Wished divine of Kentucky, recently,
forsaking my God, my church,
and ex-

H.	K.	ES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.
1	Laugh, and free, of thy sweet voice,			
2				
3				
4				
5				
6	Life's way, are.			
7	Not happy now,			
8	harp,			
9				
10				
11				
12				
1				

For the Boston Cultivator.

The Widow and Her Daughter.

BY E. C. L.

MUST you go, dear mother? Oh, it is such a bitter day; how the roaring wind dashes the snow against the windows. Must you go?"

"Yes, Margaret; I promised to be there very early. I have already lingered too long. But I feel sad to be obliged to leave you here alone all day."

"Oh, never mind me, mother; I shall sit close to the hearth, and with my book and pen, the hours will pass pleasantly away. I could be happy if it were not for the thought that you are toiling over the wash-tub—you, who are so far from being well and strong. Oh, dear mother! my heart aches as I think of the hardships you endure for my sake."

"Now hush, Maggie! You are nervous, and you distress yourself needlessly. I am stronger than you imagine, and it is a privilege to be able to earn a trifle now and then, for your comfort and my own. Only try and get well once more, dear, and I shall be the happiest of mothers."

"Oh, that I possessed the rich boon of health!" sighed the pale, consumptive girl, "it is better than gold or rubies; but I will not murmur, God knoweth best."

"We will put our trust in Him," the mother said, hopefully, as she moved about the humble room, arranging everything as neatly as possible. "I hope better days will come yet, Margaret; our Heavenly Father will not forsake his helpless creatures, who look alone to him for aid."

"I will banish desponding thoughts," Margaret said, "yes, dear mother; happiness will yet be ours—if not on earth, we shall find it in heaven. Oh, it is sweet to anticipate the joys of the home that awaits us above."

"Sweet indeed!" murmured the widow, placing her hand lovingly upon her daughter's pale brow, "for many dear ones are awaiting us there."

Widow Allison had been a favored and happy woman; surrounded with all which makes life desirable. Once she was unused to severe toil, and little dreamed that she would ever be forced to earn her daily bread by the labor of her hands.

As she walked through the snow on that bitter morning, she contrasted the past with the present, and sighed deeply, although her heart struggled to raise itself to God, and she prayed earnestly that she might be submissive to His will."

"Past eight o'clock!" said Mrs. Golding, in an impatient tone, "and the washerwoman has not come yet! How provoking! but there's no dependence to be placed on such people; I declare, I am out of patience with her."

"You forget, mother, that she has a sick daughter at home," remarked Anna Golding. "I dare say she is necessarily detained. Oh, there she comes, walking wearily up the street. It must be hard to face such a biting wind."

"Go to your room Anna, and bring down the white counter-pane and curtains; we must have everything clean and sweet, for

the happiness of that hour."

"But, my mother—where is she?" he added. "Does she not live to welcome her son?"

"Yes, Arthur; she lives. Her daily prayers are answered at last, and the wanderer has returned. Our Heavenly Father has dealt kindly with us."

It was with a heavy heart that the widow walked at evening toward her lowly home, for she was disappointed in not obtaining the money she had earned. But her grief was suddenly turned to joy, when she found herself clasped to the heart of her darling boy.

"Cheer up, mother," he said, "no more days of servitude and drudgery for you. Fortune has showered her gifts upon me, and all I possess is yours. I have gold—'twould be worthless unless shared with those I love."

"Well, really!" said Mrs. Golding to her daughter Anna, "it is the strangest thing! Our washerwoman is turned into a wealthy lady! Her son has returned from California with immense riches. It appears that he was a favorite there with some old gentleman who made him his heir, although he had before quite a fortune of his own, which he had obtained by prudence and industry. They say he worked day and night to bring home money to his mother and sister."

"I am rejoiced," cried Anna, "for surely, widow Allison is worthy. How often my heart has ached for her, and her sick daughter."

"Margaret is getting better; she has the best of care," said Mrs. Golding. "Really some people are born to be lucky. If this wanderer had not returned just at this time, there is no telling what would have happened to them, for they were wretchedly poor."

"How often Mrs. Allison was forced to leave home when her presence was so much needed there," said Anna, "and then the scanty pittance she earned, was often withheld. I think, mother, we often forget how many trials and cares are the portion of the poor."

"No one can accuse me of being uncharitable," said Mrs. Golding. "Only think, last week I gave ten dollars to the Foreign Missionary Society. My name was at the head of the list; and yesterday, I subscribed five more to go to the natives of some outlandish place—I've quite forgotten where. To be sure, your father said I'd better given it to widow Jones, who has been sick so long. But I am not certain of that. Deacon Lee's wife says I have the reputation of being the most charitable woman in the church."

A beautiful cottage surrounded by gardens and lawns is now the home of Widow Allison. One of her chief pleasures is to visit the dwellings of the poor, and relieve their wants. Her daughter, who is slowly recovering, sometimes accompanies her, and every where they are welcomed with the warmest affection.

Departure of Winter.

Thou art leaving us, Winter,
Thou art hastening away,
And Summer's soft glories
Will brighten the day.
The sun will shine gaily
O'er forest and moor,
And birds and soft breezes
Will play round the door.

We are glad thou art tralling
Away from the North,
In some region to wander,
Which may value thy worth.
Thou canst with thy cold—
With thy ice and thy snow,
Many hearts thou hast frozen—
Thou art welcome to go!

Then adieu to thee, Winter,
Thou hast given us pain;
But soon from thy journey
Thou'll return once again;
Thy breath, it shall wither
The bloom of the rose,
And ere each gay flower
In the valley that grows!

We greet thee, fair Summer—
Oh, blest be thy ray!
The fairest and noblest
That brightens life's day.
The heart shall leap forward
With gladness, to cheer,
And call thee of all seasons,
The best in the year. W. H. PETTES.

IN DECEMBER, 1863.

The dying year grows old, and wan, and sad;
December holds on high her flickering torch,
And all bright things of beauty, one by one,
Glide out the porch.

All day I hear the people talk of war—
Of movements planned—of battles won and lost,
And see the faces blanched with tears of those
Who know the cost.

I sit by the cheerful firelight,
In the hours of evening long,
And about me in many a volume,
Lie the masters of olden song;
But to-night their words of music
Have no weird-like charms for me,
For I think of the beautiful river,
Where dwells sweet Mary Lee!

Long years have I known this maiden,
But once have I seen her face—
And I cannot tell, quite surely,
If its memory I would erase.
'Twas when the Spring had shaken
Her treasures o'er hill and lea,
That we sat in the silvery moonbeams—
Myself and Mary Lee.

As we talked in the golden evening,
Of what the past had been,
A rill came leaping towards us,
And noiselessly flowed between.
It widened into a river,
Then changed to a crested sea,
And across this yawning chasm,
I said to Mary Lee—

"Does He, who's Love and Goodness,
Judge us by our cruel creeds,
Or does He search our inmost hearts,
And judge us by our deeds?
He lives full well, who improves
The talents to him given;
Though wide diverging our faiths,
May each not lead to Heaven?"

Her tears fell like the spring rain,
As she placed her hand in mine—
"Forgive me! O, my brother!
I would that my faith were true!"
Long time in holy silence,
We sat by the chasmed sea;
And thus it was that I parted
From the maiden, Mary Lee.

Into the cloudy evening
I look with tearful eyes;
And the shade of a throbbing heart
I see in the shrouded skies.
But soft from the clouds emerging,
One silvery star I see;
Hope on, my heart! Time yet may change
Myself, or Mary Lee! FRANK AN

My Mother.

How gentle her childing,
So patient and kind;
Her love, how abiding—
What presence of mind!
While memory lingers,
I ne'er shall forget
The love of my mother—
It clings to me yet!

How oft did she kneel
By my dear little cot—
The place where she knelt,
I ne'er have forgot.
She taught me to reverence
Our Father above;
Ever trust His defence,
And cherish His love.

Then let me remember
The lessons she gave;
'Twill serve here to lighten
The gloom of the grave!
While memory lingers,
I ne'er shall forget,
Blest thoughts of my Mother
Still cling to me yet!

I Am Dreaming.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
For my thoughts are far away
In those bright and blissful regions,
Where is nought but endless day.
Yes, in visions my wild fancy
Pictures realms of holy light,
Where, I've heard, are angel spirits
Drest in robes of spotless white.
Even now methinks I see them—
All that shining, happy throng,
As with sacred harps they cluster
Round about the heavenly throne.
Clouds of incense round are floating,
While sweet music fills the air—
'Tis the song of their redemption,
And a crown of life they wear.

Look! wouldst thou not view the splend
Of that chaste, angelic band?
I could never dare describe it,
Were there words at my command.
Listen to those strains melodious,
Bursting forth so soft and low,
As those pure seraphic beings
To their King in reverence bow!

Fain would I too with them mingle,
As they chant their endless praise
To their great High Priest and Giver,
One who to his children says—
"Come to me, ye heavy laden,
All whom earthly cares oppress,
Come to me, and I will give you
Peace and joy—eternal rest!"

HOW LONG?

SUNSET shadows blend and fall,
Gold and crimson gleams
Play athwart the sea's broad breast
Like fancy's glowing dreams;
Fair must be that mystic land
Beyond the wondrous west;
How long, how long, ere we shall pass
Its golden gates—to rest?

Weary hearts wait by the sea,
Watching wind and tide;
Weary eyes strain o'er the waste
That stretches dim and wide;
On this shore wild surges break,
And hearts break like the wave;
How long ere we shall span the tide,
And reach the Heaven we crave?

Watching at the glowing gates
That screen our sight from Heaven
Waiting by the storm-beat shore
For sins to be forgiven;
How long, how long, ere we be called
To cross the wide sea's breast?
How long ere angels at the door
Shall summon us to rest?

of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D.R.	Lat

ES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	R
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of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D.R.	Lat

of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D.R.	Lat

CAVALRY SONG.

BY GEO. H. BOKER.

Draw your girths tight, boys:
This morning we ride,
With God and the right, boys,
To sanction our side,
Where the balls patter,
Where the shot shatter,
Where the shells scatter
Red death far and wide.

Pause not to think, boys,
Of maidens in tears:
Only this drink, boys,
Let's toss to our dears;
Then O for the battle,
The mad charging battle,
The cannon's fierce rattle,
The victors' wild cheers!

Look to your arms, boys,
Your friends tried and true;
How the blood warms, boys!
The foe is in view!
Forward! break cover!
Ride through them' ride over
Them! baptise the powder
With blood as with dew.

A Reminiscence.

Bright, happy school-days, how swift-winged sped thy glee-ome, care-free hours and how the memory of thy joyous sports thy pleasant companionships, thy school-girl dreams comes floating on the lapse of time and with mellow light shines in upon the sterner realities of riper years, giving food for many an hour of thought, man's pleasant reverie. And the heart, weary in life's warfare, will gather freshness and strength from living over again the ladsome days of youth. The bleak, wintry winds howl fiercely without, and the snow and sleet rattle against the window-panes, but here in my cosy little room, I heed no tempest, for out from the fire at my feet come bright, happy visions, told by tongues of flame, and thousands of pictures behold, fresh as though time in passing had cast no veil over their brightness! Shall I not transfer one of these memory-paintings to the sheet before me?

'Tis not far away down the "blue vista of time," that I behold myself the youngest of a group of school-girls gathered beneath the old maple, which spread its branches wide above the school house green. It was a sultry afternoon in midsummer, and, our tasks for the day completed, we had sought rest in the cooling shade. "Oh dear!" exclaimed Ella Warden, as she threw aside her sun-bonnet and seated herself at our feet, "How dull it is here lately! What shall we do? I wish somebody would run away, that we might have something to talk about."

"Oh, you naughty girl," chimed in Carrie Evans, "If somebody should run away, somebody else would feel bad," and she took her flaxen curls roguishly. "I'll tell you what to do," said Anna Bell, a tall, sad looking girl, who never read anything but romance and the last novel.

"Come girls," cried Carrie, Anna is going to tell us something romantic to do." "I say," continued Anna, "let each of us foretell our future according to our best belief, and see who shall be the true prophet."

"That will do!" all cried in a breath. "You found the plan in the newspaper, didn't you?" asked the quizzing Carrie; "but Anna must be the first prophet, and set us an example."

Said personage arose slowly, and spoke with such an air of firm belief, one might imagine she had dreamed it all out for the occasion.

"There will be some great change in my hitherto monotonous life, and much happiness is in store for me. I shall find some congenial heart, to beat responsive to my own, and my nature will be appreciated. Wealth and power will be mine, and I have no belief that my home will be in Italy, that classic land famed in story and song. There will I dwell, and joy will be my abiding guest."

We suppressed our merriment at the olden picture she had drawn, and Carrie Evans was called forward.

"I can hardly see a path marked out for me at all," she began, "but wherever that path may be, I am sure it lies somewhere in the valley of Fun, beside the river of Laughter, and in the neighborhood of the great Independence! I never expect to do

sober thing in the world. As to whom I'm to marry, as that is the all-important question, I expect it will be some comical old knight or good-natured nobleman, whom I can tease to my heart's content, without danger of being scolded."

"What would Harry say to that?" asked one.

"Oh, you needn't think I'm going to marry him!" laughed the merry girl; "he likes Mary Stanly, and besides, I wouldn't stoop so low. Come, Grace, you haven't said a word this hour; it is your turn to speechify now."

Grace Linton was a slight little fairy with clear blue eyes and golden tresses, the pet of the whole school. She spoke hesitatingly.

"My future I know not, nor have I ever given it much thought, but I trust it may prove useful and happy. I would hope a happy home, and that the love of kind hearts might be mine. I shall at least know many loved if not loving ones; and I doubt not my future will be bright, as my life has thus far been unclouded."

Ella Warden was called. "I shall seek fame; for I shall never love, but be a waif upon the sea of life. Therefore I shall seek knowledge, that I may be enabled to guide aright and alone my life-boat and fame, that life may not seem an empty dream. Ask me not how, but I shall win a laurel wreath for my brow, and a name that shall not soon fade from the scroll of fame."

We believed her prophecy would be fulfilled, as we saw the look of strong determination depicted on her countenance, and for a moment, all was silent. Carrie was the first to speak.

"Come, Evy; you are not too young for a prophet. What think you is in store for your grave little self?"

"Oh," said I eagerly, "by the time your prophecies are verified and you wed your knights, I shall have a real beau! He shall be grand and noble; have great, blue eyes and—a curling mustache!"

They laughed heartily at this thoughtless rejoinder—all, save one—the only remaining one to prophecy, and as we looked inquiringly into May Forrest's pale, sweet face, all felt that her earthly future must be short. But with a sad smile she said:

"I feel that my journey's end is nigh. Yet I would not leave the world until I had fulfilled the mission of the faithful, and would leave behind me the memory of a spirit of kindness manifested toward my fellow-beings—"

A fit of coughing interrupted her, and she could not proceed. Sadly we wended our ways homeward, for May was beloved by us all, and we remembered how, a few months ago, no step was more light and free, no heart more blithe and joyous than hers; but of late, the rose had died out from those cheeks, and her eyes beamed with a lustre which was not of this earth. Too well we knew that consumption had marked her as its victim, and as we listened to her sad words, they seemed to give the lie to those bright pictures we had chosen for our future.

But five short years have sped since that bright summer-day, and to-night I recall the scene and bethink myself of the fulfillment of those prophecies. I note the career of each, and compare the real with the ideal pictures.

Sweet May Forrest! Thou wert a true prophet. She lingered only until the autumn-leaves fell fluttering to the ground, and then she left us. Her life-light went gently out, and we laid her gently down to rest by her sainted mother's side in the church-yard. Nor has the memory of her goodness died out from the hearts of the many who loved her. And how is it with the others?

Anna Bell has not yet found that congenial heart; nor caught even a glimpse of Italy. But for the last two years has filled the place of assistant in our Academy. Whether she dreams as much romance, I know not.

Fun-loving Carrie has forgotten all about her good-natured nobleman. And could you step into Harry Moreton's pretty cottage, you might find her joyous as ever, and tending with more care than she once thought herself capable of, a little bright-eyed Harry "number second," in the cradle. Ah, Carrie! it was not stooping so very low after all, to marry the handsome young physician, I fancy! And the gentle Grace. What of her?

There came a noble stranger to our village, and ere we were aware, he had won her to himself. Many a tear fell at her bridal,

as we gazed timidly up to her as the band's manly brow, we felt that we could give up to such as he, and he bore her away to be the sun-light of his far-off magnificent home, where she dwells, filling the station to which her loveliness befits her. Her prophecy is thus far fulfilled, and she is happy.

Ella Warden has so far come down from her high flight for fame, as to become the wife of a country blacksmith, and notwithstanding the unloving life she prophesied, the busy ring of his anvil is a sound sweet to her ears. And Evy?

She has looked and looked in vain for said personage with the curling mustache, and should any of the brothers and sisters of the band chance to discover him, please send him along, for she is yet only striving to fulfil faithfully the duties of school marm, away up among the hills of Vermont.

EVEY EYESSON.

The Faithless Husband.

Oh, hast thou forgotten
Thy vows of constancy,
Till every tie is severed
Which bound thy heart to me?
Thy lip forgets its music,
Which thrilled my heart of old;
Thy heart forgets its pledges—
'Tis changed, alas! and cold.

No more in soothing accents
Thou callest all my fears;
No more thou seek'st to banish
Dark sorrow's rising tears.
My husband! oh, my husband
Wilt thou no more return
Thy olden, sweet affection,
For which my spirits yearn?

The dear home of my childhood—
The loved ones dwelling there,
I left in maiden gladness,
Thy distant home to share;
Ah, then, how recked I
Of this sad change in thee,
Who seemed with pure devotion
To only worship me?

Then gleamed thine eye with pleasure,
When I was by thy side—
And beat thy heart with rapture
To greet me as thy bride.
And now, another fond caress—
A smile of thy dear eye,
A word of olden tenderness
I crave before I die!

ANGIE J. GRAVES.

The Pleasures of Memory.

'Tis sweet to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the Past o'er the Present can throw
For all the gay visions that Fancy can weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future—the past we have felt;
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom may melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul."

How varied are the pictures which faithful memory ever brings to our recollections! Varied, I say, because some are fraught with delightful associations and pleasing remembrances, while, alas! others are full of misery. But memory is blessed! and the memory of the virtuous is peaceful. It brings before us the forms of our loved companions, who were partakers with ourselves in those happy scenes of former days, and the faces of those who have gone in silence down to the dark valley of the shadow of Death; and when oppressed with troubles and perplexed with the cares of earth, how refreshing to retire to some quiet spot and open the portals of the past; and, as we view the faded scenes that hang mouldering on the walls of memory, and watch the fair forms that glide silently along among the ruins that lie scattered there, we can but reflect that we too are hastening on to depart and be forgotten.—When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived us, and a few more changes mocked us, we shall be brought to the grave; the clouds of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and all shall follow us, as innumerable have gone before, while again the reminiscences of our childhood are before us, we ramble among the hills and valleys of our early home, and gather bright flowers from the loved haunts of other days, and [tell us of sunny hours that have past ere care had damped our spirits, or sorrow had marred the happiness of our life.

Oh, sacred Memory! thou recorder of the soul!—though the visions which thou bringest are oftentimes blended with mournful recollections; though the tear of regret may sometimes flow, when we read upon thy tablets the joys that have passed forever, yet to me it is a pleasure, however sad, and one that I would not be deprived of. To me, Memory is always welcome with its magic influence!

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LINES.

COULD I be thy guardian angel,
Ever shield thine onward way,
Draw aside the veil between us,
Listen to the words you say!

If I could be only with thee,
Still unseen, yet ever near;
When the Heavens are dark above thee,
I would whisper words of cheer.

I would soothe thy troubled spirit
With the words of hope and love,
Gently guide thy filtering footsteps
To the way that leads above.

Ay, I'd whisper words of comfort,
And, if it might only be,
I would lead thee to our Saviour—
He is calling now to thee.

Tempted still? Ah! I would whisper
Of the only sure relief,
When thy way is rough or thorny,
And thy heart is bowed with grief.

When the clouds are black above thee,
And thy cherished treasures frown;
When thou gropest in the darkness,
Weary, sorrowful, alone—

Then, unseen, I'd linger near thee,
With some holy word, and true;
Point thee to a life immortal,
Just unfolding to thy view.

Yet I may not. Thou must wander
All life's tangled pathway o'er,
With thy feet all torn and bleeding,
Till thou reach death's dreary shore.

Then, oh! then may life immortal
Be to thee a passport given!
Wafted o'er death's chilling waters,
Thou shalt find thy rest in Heaven.

IN AUTUMN.

In storms the dreary day closes,
All hushed is the twittering glee
Of the swallows that sang for me,
And hushed is the oriole's song:
For Summer hath gone with her roses,
And Autumn comes trailing along—
O'er the tomb where the lily reposes,
Sad Autumn comes trailing along!

But alas! the Summer hath taken
Not only the roses gay,
Not only the swallows away,
Not only the oriole's lay—
But hath left me entirely forsaken,
Having taken afar to her home
My darling, who will not awaken,
When Nature no longer is dumb.
I knew it would be in Autumn—
Alas! that Autumn should come!

Let the lily not murmur that sleepeth
Far down in the cold, dreary earth;
For it hath, in waiting, a birth
To beauty and Spring time mirth:
But the heart of the poet that weepeth
For her that is fairer far
Than the roses and lilies are,
A watch that is endless keepeth—
Like the watch of a lonely star.

It was a cold, bleak day late in autumn that I chanced to pass the old, neglected graveyard in the village of B. My attention was attracted seeing the venerable sexton busy with his time worn spade among the sunken graves. My curiosity prompted me to enter—and before Uncle Jack knew of my approach I was by his side. His face was always like a gleam of sunshine to me, and he was the general favorite of all the villagers.

"Uncle Jack," said I, "why are you digging a grave in this deserted cemetery?—Who desires to have their last resting place here?"

The old man paused in his work and said:

"It is for a stranger, Maggie, who is unknown to all the people hereabouts. He came among us not a week since and called just at nightfall at the house of our good Parson Lewis, asking for a night's lodging. This of course was not refused him, for he was weak and sick, scarcely able to go a step farther. Mrs. Lewis made him tea and placed before him food; he could eat nothing and drank but very little tea. He did not seem inclined to communicate anything of his history and retired early to bed.

The next morning Mr. Lewis went to his room and found him in a feverish and excited state. He had coughed almost incessantly during the night and slept but little, and was evidently a sick man.

About this time I called at the parsonage on business, when Mrs. Lewis related to me what I have now communicated to you. She invited me to go up and see him. Mr. Lewis was standing beside him, urging him to see a physician. After much persuasion he consented and Dr. Leeds was summoned without delay.

After a thorough examination of his case the doctor informed him in the most gentle manner that medical aid could do nothing for him, and it was impossible for him to continue but a few days.—I trembled for the influence this announcement might have upon him in his feeble state. But his face lighted up with a smile of angelic sweetness and joy, and with his eyes and hands raised towards heaven he said:

"I thank Thee, O God, that I am dying! I rejoice that I am going home to my Saviour!"

Mr. Lewis now came forward and asked him if he had any arrangements to make, if he would do so in the presence of those now assembled.

"Come at the rising of to-morrow's sun, for I shall feel better prepared to converse with you then."

Through the day he was able to sit up but little, and with much difficulty wrote a long letter, which he carefully sealed and directed to Alice Wentworth and gave it to the care of Mr. Lewis, to be forwarded to its place of destination in the early spring. On the following day Doctor Leeds and myself went to his room. We found him cheerful and composed, though much weaker than when we left him.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have but few things I wish to confide to you. First let me thank you for your kindness, sympathy and attention to one of earth's unfortunate beings; and be assured that the remembrance of this will brighten my pathway along the dark valley whither I am now hastening.

My parents were poor though honest and respectable people, and resided in the city of H. I was their only son. Once the pride and hope of their hearts, but now mourned over by my friends and regarded as an outcast and a felon, escaped from the just punishment of the law. But here on my dying bed, in your presence and in the presence of my God, I declare my innocence. I am guiltless of the foul crime charged upon me and I die with a conscience void of offence. I die a victim to revenge and jealousy. Thanks be to God who now giveth me the victory, I can say as did my blessed Savior on the cross, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

This, my friends, is all I can tell you of my unhappy life. Bury me in the old churchyard, under the spreading branches of the yew tree, where I sat and rested my weary limbs as I came into your pleasant

village to die among you."

To Mrs. Lewis he gave an elegant locket containing two miniatures, one of himself, the other a fair, young girl, very beautiful and lovely to look upon, saying:

"To your care I commit this. If you ever meet the original, on whose features I now look for the last time on earth, give it to her, and tell her that in death as in life I was faithful to her memory."

Turning to Mr. Lewis he thus addressed him:

"You have been like a father to me and God will reward you for it. Sometime you may learn my history; till then strive to forget one who has been dependent on you for so many comforts and drawn so largely on your hospitality and sympathy. I cannot say more. I am very weak. My life bark is drifting fast towards the other shore. Read to me if you please, Mr. Lewis, the twenty-eighth and nineteenth psalms."

These were the last words of the dying stranger. He lived but little more than an hour after this, then closed his eyes in dreamless slumber, and to-morrow at day's decline we shall lay him in his narrow house.

Now, Maggie, if you would like to go over and look at the nameless stranger, cold and motionless in his coffin, you can do so. Mrs. Lewis will be pleased to see you."

I turned away and walked down the foot worn path, musing upon the mystery and wonderful web which everywhere seems to entangle us in this human life, and wended my way across the desolate fields to the parsonage. A strange feeling of awe and sadness came stealing over me as Mrs. Lewis led me to the silent room to look on the face of the dead.

As I gazed on the emaciated features of the sleeper the idea at once fastened itself on my mind that in life I had looked upon the same, but where I could not then recall. I mentioned this to Mrs. Lewis. She however concluded it was only a fancy, a momentary delusion of the brain. But that night as I lay upon my couch, in the darkness and silence of the room, thinking of the unfortunate being whose sad story had interested me, I fell asleep, and in my dreams his spirit, clad in shining garments of white, seemed to stand beside me, holding in his hand a scroll, on which was inscribed these words:

"Eight years ago you were at the T— Female Seminary, and you met me in the sitting room of the boarding house the day I came to bring my sister to the same institution."

The vision vanished. I started up from my slumber, but my dream had all been realized. The stranger was none other than Hamilton Gaylord, whom I had met for a few moments at the seminary. My term expired in three days after Louise Gaylord entered and I had never seen or heard from her since.

Winter passed by. Spring had merged into summer; the balmy, leafy month of June was with us. I had been sitting all the morning busy at my work by the open window, into which came the delicious perfume of clustering roses that hung about the door, and the sweet music of birds. But now my sewing had fallen from my hands and my eyes were wandering out over the green fields and the wide meadow, where the earliest violets bloomed and the yellow buttercups nodded their graceful heads in the summer breeze. And just beyond the meadow was the old graveyard. As I thought of this a strong desire possessed me to go and visit the stranger's grave. Yielding to the impulse I sauntered out, down the shady pathway, which soon brought me to the broken gateway. I had nearly reached the old yew tree before I noticed that I was not the only visitor to that neglected "city of the dead."

By the stranger's grave, clad in deep mourning, knelt a fair, delicate girl of not more than twenty summers. Traces of heart-felt sorrow rested on her pale features. I turned to leave the spot, not wishing to intrude my presence on her grief and meditation, but our eyes met, and that look of mournful, tender sadness I never shall forget. My eyes filled with tears, and acting from the impulse of the moment, almost unconscious of what I was doing, I approached her side and bending over her whispered:

"Let me pity you and sympathize in your sorrow. I too have come to visit the stranger's grave and water with my tears the summer flowers that bloom around it. I was one of the few who saw him laid at rest in the bosom of mother earth."

As I concluded these words she clasped me to her heart, saying:

"O, tell me, did you indeed know my noble Hamilton, he who was wronged, betrayed and basely defamed? God will bless you if you have ever spoken to him one word of kindness, or felt for him one thrill of sympathy; and I shall ever look on you as my faithful friend. But oh! tell me all you know of his sickness and burial here, for I have not been an hour in your village and am friendless and alone."

We sat down beside the grave and I related to her all I knew of his sickness and death, not omitting the kindness and attention which he had received from Parson Lewis and his wife.

"Ah," said she, "I long to see them, for in the letter which he wrote to me the day previous to his death, as Mrs. Lewis kindly informed me in a note, which I received with the letter three weeks ago, he spoke of them with all the tenderness and affection of a son. Within that time I have travelled many weary miles and suffered such anguish of mind and spirit as I pray God may never convulse your soul."

At her request I accompanied her to the parsonage and introduced her to Mr. Lewis and his wife. The meeting was too sacred and pathetic for description. Soon as she could command her feelings sufficiently to speak she said:

"Never, no never, dear friends, can I reward you or thank you enough for all your kindness and attention to Hamilton Gaylord, my affianced husband. In the letter which you forwarded to me a short time since, he desired that I should come to you and tell you of his sad, unhappy life, whose dark, mournful pages he had no strength to read to you.

As the early shadows of twilight gathered around the dwelling of Mr. Lewis and the soft light of the summer moon shone in through the vine covered windows, we all assembled in the neat little parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were seated on the sofa while Alice and myself occupied seats near the open window, her hands clasped in mine, for we had already learned to love each other like sisters, and both felt that no slight bond of friendship and sympathy united our hearts, deathless and unfading as time. Alice was the first to break the silence by saying:

"It is, my friends, with feelings of the deepest emotion that I now relate to you the sad story of Hamilton Gaylord. He was left a penniless orphan at an early age, dependent on his only near relative, Arthur Hollis, his mother's brother, a wealthy merchant in my native town. Soon after his entrance into his uncle's family it was decided that he should enter the store to do the menial service which usually falls to the lot of the youngest clerk. To the proud and ambitious spirit of Hamilton this was a source of great humiliation, for he had unlocked the secret door of his soul to his uncle and unfolded to him the ardent desires, the hopes and aspirations that dwelt therein. He thirsted for knowledge, and he proposed to his uncle that he should furnish him with the means of an education, to be refunded as soon as he should be able to do so. This manly proposal was met with cold contempt, and the only answer he received from his uncle was:

"Better turn your attention to business than waste your time among musty books, whose contents may fill the head but not the purse. You have knowledge enough to enable you to become a merchant or mechanic, just as you prefer. And if you are faithful in the position you now occupy, I shall during the next year promote you to a higher situation. So now, my boy, go back to your employment and let me hear no more foolish projects about education. Remember your poverty and that you are dependent upon others for support."

These bitter, taunting words sunk down into the sensitive soul of Hamilton like drops of burning lava. But he uttered no word of complaint and turned in silence to his irksome duties, where he remained a year, prompt and faithful in every department of his labors.

About this time his Cousin Charles, the only son of Mr. Hollis, returned home from his travels in Europe, where he had squandered a fortune in riotous living. Previous to his departure for Europe he had sought in vain to win my love and consent to become his bride, and he returned to find me the affianced wife of Hamilton. This so enraged his anger and enmity toward his cousin that he sought in every way to render his situation in his father's family unpleasant as possible. Some three months after young Hollis' return Hamilton

Summer Dreams.

Oh! the Summer is here, and I'm dreaming
Of a little brown cot far away,
That stands where the apple tree's branches
With the sunbeams are ever at play;
Where the clambering vines full of blossom
Have covered each window and door,
And the breeze rustles softly among them,
Or plays on the white sanded floor.

I hear the low murmur of waters,—
'Tis the brook in the shadowy vale,
That forever to listening pebbles
Is telling its musical tale.
The busy bees hum low and drowsy
As they nestle the roses among,
And the bird by its home in the lilac,
Is teaching its nestlings a song.

The fragrance of white clover blossoms
Comes up from the meadow and lea,
And the orchard so deep-clothed in shadow,
Is cool as a grotto could be.
The sky there, was always far bluer,
My childish eye rested upon;
And the clouds intermixed with the azure,
Were white as the breast of a swan.

Alas! that so sunny a picture
Should be clouded by sadness or care;
Yet tell me, oh! Summer breeze, tell me,
Do the dear ones I left linger there?
Can their bowed forms be seen in the garden
Or out on the dim, dusty way?
Are they still sitting down by the hearthstone
Or through the green lane do they stray?

And the Summer breeze sighs as it murmurs
"Ah! long, weary miles have I flown,
To tell you both forms from the cottage
With heavy hearts long since have gone!
For one to the Churchyard was carried,
With Death's silent seal on his brow,
And the other went forth among strangers,
I cannot tell where she is now!"

I have traversed the mountain and valley,
To bring you a breath of the flowers,
Though no kind hand is left there to trail the
Like that of the long ago hours.
The bee from the red rose's bosom
Its surfeit of sweetness now takes;
And the chirp of the birds by the window
The dreary monotony breaks.

The brook ripples on—but more softly,
The meadow is fragrant and green;
And the clouds in the sky are as snowy,
The riftings of azure between.
But I've found you afar from the roof-tree,
In this busy and dusty old town,
To say those you loved, and who loved you,
From the cottage forever have gone!"

DELIA ELIZABETH

To Mary.

Early from home and kindred do I
The exile's song I've sung,
In life's young morn the shout of
From other lips has rung;
But shades of care and clouds of
With dawning reason came, s
For death came to our little ban
And some were with the slain!

Hope came with all her smiling train
And spoke the heart to cheer;
Of brighter skies and climes more
Where music charms the ear;
Still, o'er my life the shadows fell,
While in the world's fierce strife
The lonely heart found there no
No higher, purer life.

Oh, dare I hope that one so pure
Could one kind thought bestow
On the unknown, the friendless one
Stern Reason answers "No."
Vain, foolish dreamer, what hast thou
On which thy hopes have grown?
Nought but the whole heart's offering
This, this is all I own.

Perhaps another's won thy love
With wealth and power and fame,
But will he, Mary, love you well?
'Tis women's surest claim!
If fate decrees our feet in life
In devious paths shall tread,
Oh, may life's sweetest, purest joys
Around thy way be shed!

A Day in June.

Beneath a spreading oak to rest,
My weary limbs I treasure here,
The violet banks I gladly press;
Above me, is the clear blue sky.

It is a leafy day in June,
The woods are clothed in summer's green,
Kind Nature sings in cheerful tune,
And proudly wears the name of Queen.

In joyous glaze, the meadow-brook
Slugs merrily the livelong day;
Through many a winding, shady nook,
I trace its onward, silvery way.

Knee-deep, in pastures rich with grass,
The cattle crop their noon-tide meal,
Then through the pebbly brook they pass,
As to the quiet shades they steal.

The willow by the lakelet's brink,
Views its sad face within the deep;
The swaying branches, trembling, drak,
Then turn aside to mourner and weep!

Now dies the summer air away—
Hushed is the healthful mountain breeze;
No more the leaflets' wanton play,
Or cheerful chant their melodies.

Low in the west, approaching near,
A darkened cloud is gathering fast;
And as it nearer comes I hear
The frightened thunder's echoing blast!

Through the green fields I take my way,
And cross the sluggish, winding stream,
The farmer loads the scented hay,
And gaily cheers his parting team.

Now downward falls refreshing rain,
And fiercely gleams th' electric fire;
The thirsty brooks no more complain,
And fields are drunk with their desired

FRANK ANON

he had determined to leave his uncle's employ and seek a home elsewhere.

It was a week after he had announced his decision to his uncle, and the day before on which he was to leave for one of the western cities, that Mr. Hudson, the book-keeper, came to Mr. Hollis and informed him that a large amount of money had been abstracted from the safe which could not be accounted for. Mr. Hollis stood thoughtful and silent a moment and then said:

'Mr. Hudson, I will see you again this evening; till then we will both seek to bring the guilty one to justice.'

He turned and left the store, going directly to his house, where he entered his library and then sent a summons for his son to meet him there.

'I have very important business, Charles, which I wish to speak to you about if you college, I should enter as soon as possible. Are at leisure,' said Mr. Hollis, as his son entered the door.

'I am entirely at your service, my dear father. Willing to assist you in whatever way I can, sir,' replied the bland but deceitful youth.

'Well, then,' said Mr. Hollis, 'my book-keeper informed me not an hour since that a thousand dollars had been abstracted from the safe some time between then and last evening at eight o'clock. Now what is your advice in this matter, my son?'

'I can advise you without the least hesitation, sir,' answered Charles, quickly. 'Send for an officer without delay and search the trunks and baggage which belong to Hamilton Gaylord.'

'No, no, Charles, it cannot be that he is the guilty one, and I will not so far distrust his honesty as to do this,' answered Mr. Hollis.

'Just as you please, sir,' replied the artful young man. 'But, sir,' he continued, 'I think I hold in my hand a letter which discovered but a short time ago on the study table, which may have a tendency to change your opinion.'

Saying this he handed the letter to his father, purporting to have been written by Hamilton to a friend of his then in college. Hamilton to a friend of his then in college, and with the constating that he had recently come into possession of a sum of money which would enable him to enter college in a few months but now he must go West to deceive his uncle as to his real plans and intentions. So correctly was Hamilton's style of writing imitated, in this false and perfidious episode, that it was quite impossible to detect the slightest difference. Mr. Hollis considered this as sufficient proof of his guilt, and without a word of conversation with Hamilton on the subject, or any further investigation into the affair, urged on by his malicious and revengeful son, he sent at once for an officer to arrest this guiltless and innocent young man.

Hamilton was with me when the sheriff entered and informed him he was his prisoner, charged with the crime of theft. Had a thunderbolt from the clear, blue heavens above us fallen at our feet we could not have been more shocked. As he turned to leave the room he clasped my hand in his and said in a firm, manly tone of voice, though his face was pale, almost bloodless with the suppressed emotions this sudden announcement had caused:

'Alice, this is but a wicked device of an enemy who seeks my ruin; yes, even my death. But God knows and you know that I am innocent.'

From my presence he was conducted to his uncle's, where his trunks were searched, but nothing could be found of the money.

'Is this all of your baggage, Mr. Gaylord?' enquired the sheriff.

'No, sir,' said Hamilton. 'Here is a small box, but it contains only some private papers and two miniatures. I have no objection to an examination of its contents, but unfortunately I have lost the key, and yet I am quite sure I left it in the box when I went out of my room this morning, expecting to return in a few moments to deposit some letters therein.'

'I must do my duty,' said the sheriff, and he wrenched the cover off, turning the contents of the box upon the table, when a silk purse, the last gift from his venerated mother, fell to the floor, and upon examination it was found to contain the lost money.

'I am innocent,' were the only words Hamilton uttered as the sheriff revealed to him the contents of the purse.

'I presume you class that among your private papers, my very honest and saintly cousin, do you not?' sneeringly asked the wicked and malevolent Charles Hollis.

'What arguments have you to offer in extenuation of your innocence, young man?' said Mr. Hollis.

'I have no argument, sir,' said Hamilton, respectfully, 'only to say that I am guiltless of this crime, and on the head of him who now seeks my ruin will the just judgments of a merciful God descend.'

Several weeks passed by, but no tidings reached me from the absent one. Suspense and day as to the cause of his long silence and neglect. At length the postman brought the long expected letter. Eagerly I broke the seal, but alas! only to read the following words of a sorrowing heart.

An anonymous letter had been sent to his employer, containing an account of the robbery, the trial and imprisonment, and warning him to be wary and cautious of his confidence and trust in Hamilton Gaylord. Mr. Foster at once gave him notice that his services would no longer be needed, as he did not care to employ dishonest men and he must seek business elsewhere.

His ambitious and noble spirit was now crushed and broken. Once more he was the victim of his relentless foe and it were in vain for him to contend against him. He again became the subject of insanity, and the next tidings I received he was an inmate of the lunatic asylum in H. Doctor Wilson wrote me a kind letter, advising me to visit him, as he always expressed a desire to see me once more during his lucid moments. I went and remained near him several days. But only once did he recognize me, and never shall I forget his words during those few moments.

'Alice,' said he, 'you have been true to me in my darkest hours. You have been like a sunbeam of hope and promise along my checkered pathway, but now I absolve you from your engagement with me. I give you back your pledged troth, for I am a doomed man and can only look forward to death to release me from sorrows and sufferings. Go, my best and dearest earthly friend, forget that you ever knew me. The light of my hopes and aspirations have gone out in midnight darkness. I am the wretched victim of envy and revenge. God have mercy on my tormentor!'

This was our last interview. I never saw him again. He was an inmate of the asylum for two years when Doctor Wilson wrote to me, stating that Hamilton had left the institution very feeble in health and much depressed in spirits, but perfectly sane, to visit an intimate friend of his who resides some twenty miles beyond this village.

Winter wore on, spring returned, and the summer flowers bloomed in the meadows and on the hill side, but no letter came from the wanderer to cheer my disconsolate heart. No intelligence reached me till the reception of his last letter, written with his dying hand and breathing out the mournful sadness of his pure, gentle soul, enclosed with your kind note. Oh, Mrs. Lewis, I shall ever bless you for your words of sympathy and tenderness! They seemed to strengthen my poor, breaking heart as I read his farewell lines and realized that we were separated on earth. But thank God, we shall meet in Heaven!'

Years have passed since we sat together in the quiet home of Mr. Lewis, with the soft light of the summer moon falling around us, like silver drapery, and listened to the low, sweet voice of Alice Wentworth, as she related to us the mournful story of Hamilton Gaylord.

Charles Hollis died in poverty and misery, away from home and friends. And when his letters were returned to his father he found among them one containing a confession of his own guilt and exonerating his Cousin Hamilton from any knowledge in the affair. It was his hand he said that wrote the letter and abstracted the money from the safe and deposited it in his cousin's possession, and thereby blasted forever his earthly hopes and prospects. Revenge was his only motive, because he had won the love of the fair Alice, which he had sought for in vain.

Mr. Lewis and his wife have left the pleasant village of Ilythe. But often as the bright summer time returns, a pale, broken-hearted maiden comes like a shadow into my home, to spend with me its long, golden days. And many an hour do we pass together in the solemn silence and holy solitude of the old graveyard, under the shadow of the yew tree, beside the stranger's grave.

When calamities overtake us, we call them dispensations of Providence; when we experience a stroke of good fortune, we find some other name for it.

Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.

I have not done with him yet. I swear by heavens she shall never be his wife!

After this visit it was impossible for me to shake off the dark forebodings which gathered in my heart. I knew so well the revengeful character of this bad man, that I had just cause to fear that he would still pursue Hamilton with his malicious spirit, not satisfied till he should work his utter ruin and separate us forever.

Several weeks passed by, but no tidings reached me from the absent one. Suspense and day as to the cause of his long silence and neglect. At length the postman brought the long expected letter. Eagerly I broke the seal, but alas! only to read the following words of a sorrowing heart.

An anonymous letter had been sent to his employer, containing an account of the robbery, the trial and imprisonment, and warning him to be wary and cautious of his confidence and trust in Hamilton Gaylord. Mr. Foster at once gave him notice that his services would no longer be needed, as he did not care to employ dishonest men and he must seek business elsewhere.

His ambitious and noble spirit was now crushed and broken. Once more he was the victim of his relentless foe and it were in vain for him to contend against him. He again became the subject of insanity, and the next tidings I received he was an inmate of the lunatic asylum in H. Doctor Wilson wrote me a kind letter, advising me to visit him, as he always expressed a desire to see me once more during his lucid moments. I went and remained near him several days. But only once did he recognize me, and never shall I forget his words during those few moments.

'Alice,' said he, 'you have been true to me in my darkest hours. You have been like a sunbeam of hope and promise along my checkered pathway, but now I absolve you from your engagement with me. I give you back your pledged troth, for I am a doomed man and can only look forward to death to release me from sorrows and sufferings. Go, my best and dearest earthly friend, forget that you ever knew me. The light of my hopes and aspirations have gone out in midnight darkness. I am the wretched victim of envy and revenge. God have mercy on my tormentor!'

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Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.

Winter.
Around us blow the wintry storms,
With pelling hail and drifting snow,
And suffering in its sternest forms,
Are witness'd in this vale of woe.
The helms of poverty and pain,
Are trembling in the chilling blast,
And turning every way to gain
A scanty crumb of food at last!

O, ye, who by your firesides sit,
Or clasp on sofas ease;
Remember ye have duties yet
To do for such as want and pine;
Remember while your smoking board
Grows "neath your overflowing store,
'Tis the command of Christ our Lord,
To have compassion on the poor!

Turn not away your eyes from them,
Nor taunt them with their poverty;
A mite in alms becomes a gem,
Sparkling to all eternally!
Henceforth, though all is dear abroad,
Let all within be generous, kind—
Then may you hope from Christ our Lord,
A welcome gladness soon to find!

Love La'ce.
If there's a place where friends may meet,
Where youthful hearts beat high,
Where loved-ones hold communion sweet,
And joy fills every eye—
'Tis here; and here in lonely hours,
My memory loves to rove;
And when I'm sad, my heart still turns
To thee, sweet Lake of Love!

I would, my life were ever calm,
As thy unbroken rest;
That cares might trembling pass away,
As ripples on thy breast;
That friends might ever prove as true
As those which round thee move—
'Twould make each spot, however lone,
Like thee, blest Lake of Love!

Enchanted, when upon thy shores
I gaze in vain to find
Some hidden magic in thy depths,
That guides love here, though blind!
And when kind friends have left me lone,
For changeless homes above,
I'll ne'er forget thy peaceful bowers,
Enchanted Lake of Love!

Life's in God's hands, and I, perhaps,
No more thy shores may view;
May others love thee as I've loved—
Adieu, sweet lake, adieu!
Adieu, and since my lot must be
Away from thee to rove,
My tearful thoughts shall be of home,
And thee, sweet Lake of Love!

Kansas Song.
Away to the distant Kansas land!
To the prairie fields and streams,
Where beauty will welcome our little band,
Like the visions we see in dreams.

Though the homes are fair that we leave behind,
And the friends of our youth are dear,
Yet in lands of the West are hearts as kind,
And homes of as friendly cheer!

And the one I love will attend me there,
With her hopeful eye so bright,
To encourage in scenes of doubt and despair,
And rejoice in prosperity's flight.

The blossoms are brighter that perfume the air,
The waters more sparkling and clear,
And Nature, with bountiful, generous care,
Rewards the young husbandman there!

Our hands are sturdy, our hearts are brave,
We will hope for a happy fate,
But would rather be laid in a freeman's grave,
Than with slaves to live proud and great!

Then away to the distant Kansas land,
We will make it an Eden home,
So faithful and true is our youthful band,
And we ask all the brave to come.

To Miss S. J. H.
Gazing by my window,
I'm thinking of the past;
Thinking of my early dreams,
Which were too bright to last!
The golden rays of sunset
Fall gently on my brow,
And earth in beauty seems to smile,
But my heart is lonely now!

I'm far from friends and kindred,
A wanderer am I,
And often, often from my lips
Escapes the bitter sigh!
And oftentimes I mourn,
Against the cruel fate
Which has my prospects blighted,
And left me desolate!

The friends I loved in childhood—
Oh, tell me, where are they?
Some have in coldness turned aside,
And some have passed away;
And some, to whom my heart still clings,
In distant lands now roam—
Not one, not one is left to cheer
Our once delightful home!

Then ask me not, why I am sad,
Why grief is on my brow!
Earth once seemed beautiful to me,
But it seems dreary now!
And murmuring thoughts will still arise,
Against the cruel fate
Which has my prospects blighted thus,
And left me desolate!

WILD WINNIE

The Brother's Invitation.

This afternoon, in the fields, dear Rose,
Together let us stray;
For Nature wakes from her soft repose,
And the flowers and breeze are at play.
The zephyrs come from their western home,
On wings of light unfurled,
And the clear blue sky, like a crystal dome,
Bends over the beautiful world!
The insects sport o'er the sunny len,
On many-colored wings;
And the little birds in yonder tree,
With a heart of thrilling songs.
Our own free hearts shall swell with the bliss
Each living thing doth borrow,
Nor dream, dear Rose, that a world like this,
Is a world of care and sorrow.

Lxx.

WEET Clara Ashton! Companion of my childhood and youth. Pleasant memories of thee are inwoven with all my earlier associations; with those dear remembered days, when hand in hand we wended our way to the little red school-house that stood by the brook—where through the long mornings we waded with bare feet and dipped our heads in its cool waters; where we gathered the shining pebbles, (pearls and diamonds and precious stones to our young eyes) watching the while the tiny fishes gracefully gliding in its liquid depths, or the insects sporting in the sunlight upon its surface. No flowers so bright, no berries so nice and large as grew upon its banks. No grass so soft and green as that which lay within the shadow of the oak where we built our playhouses. The place is changed now. A handsome dwelling occupies the site of the old school house. The flowers and berries have given place to cultivated fields. The old oak, relic of centuries ago, weakened by decay, hath yielded to the wintry blast. But time nor change can touch the associations that cluster around the spot dear to every New England heart—the old school house. But we are digressing.

Foremost in our merry sports was Clara Ashton, the very spirit of mischief and fun. Yet with all her wildness there was no heart in all our little circle so gentle, so loving and beloved as that of Clara Ashton. Those sweet, blue eyes and rosy, dimpled cheeks seemed made alike for smiles and tears. There was witchery in the sunny ringlets sweeping the snowy shoulders; and grace in every movement of her slight form. When we played "tell fortunes" we always pictured a happy one for Clara. We could not conceive that aught of grief or care could ever come to a spirit so pure and joyous as hers. Were our visions of her future realized? Our simply story will show.

We sat together in the little portico, watching the sunset rays illuminating the cottage windows and bathing in a flood of light, tree top and spire till the last golden streak had vanished, conversing the while of by-gones and of the little events which had transpired during my absence of a few short months from the village. The twilight had faded; the stars had gone out one by one, and the moon's pale beams lay soft on tree and flower. Fitting time for spirit communing. Clara rested her bright head upon my shoulder, whispering in my ear love's rosy dream. How a handsome stranger had come to their dwelling from the sunny South. How his beauty and goodness had taught her young heart to love. Sweet was the first breath of love from that young heart, so fresh and pure, so loving and confiding, so self-forgetting in its devotion to the one object of its worship. To her the future was so hopeful, so joyous. Eloquently she discoursed of her southern home, as she had pictured it to herself, amid groves of orange and magnolia, bathed in sunset hues and fragrant with the breath of soft airs.

"To-morrow he is coming to make me his bride and you will see him, Nellie," she said, "and learn to love and admire him somewhat as I do."

So trusting, so full of happiness was that young heart that one forebore to check its outpourings by any forebodings that prudence might suggest.

We had just retired to our room when the footman rang the bell and a letter was handed to Clara. Hastily breaking the seal, she learned from Edward Weston's own hand that a slight indisposition would delay his coming for several days. This was a sore trial, but she bore it bravely for herself; thinking only with anxious fears of the suffering of the loved one. Many weary weeks she had watched and waited, when suddenly she announced her determination to go to him. Loving hearts would have detained her but could not. With tearful adieus they bade her go with their blessing, to one to whom she was bound by a stronger tie than that of kindred.

Often came the welcome missive, bearing glad tidings of the absent one. But to all their pressing invitations for her return only evasive answers were returned, till by degrees her letters became less frequent and finally ceased altogether. The village gossips were busy, breathing here and there a word, till her strange absence became a fruitful topic of suspicious conjecture. A

messenger was despatched to her southern home, but only to bring back the sorrowful tidings that she had not been seen in the city for many months and no one knew whither she had gone. Dark indeed was the cloud of sorrow resting upon that household, thus cruelly robbed of its brightest presence. Years went by and to the villagers Clara Ashton had ceased to be—save in those stricken hearts whose almost only thought was of her, and to the faithful few who missed her companionship, and who still cherished the memory of her early purity, and hoped and trusted she would yet return to give the lie to the dark suspicions resting upon her fair name.

We left the subject of our story going forth from her pleasant home with the blessings of loving hearts; with their warm wishes and prayers speeding her on her mission of love. We next find her in the crowded city of H., jostling among strange faces in search of the desired street. Passing across the Park, weary with travel and excitement, she pauses a moment to taste the refreshing coolness. With eye and ear enwrapped with the beauty of the scene, she had half forgotten her mission when the sound of a familiar voice startled her from her reverie. Quickly turning, her eye fell upon a couple seated near her. Ah, there are strange meetings. 'Twas his face; she could not be deceived. Too faithfully had that image been kept. It needed but a single glance to convince her that the lady at his side sustained to him a nearer relation than herself. He had not recognized her and her resolution was quickly taken. But she seemed spell-bound. She had no power to go. She essayed to speak, but Edward Weston placed his finger upon his lip with an expression that awed her to silence. They rose to go. Edward would have taken another direction, but the lady took his arm, playfully remarking:

"This way, if you please."

They passed near her—so near that their garments touched hers—chatting gaily, as if in mockery of her misery. In that moment she knew herself mocked, deceived, betrayed; her hopes blasted, her love cast lightly aside. She would have wept, but no tears came to relieve her aching heart. A strange sensation came over her. When consciousness again returned she found herself upon a couch in a neat little room. A familiar face bent over her. The look, the tone, the warm breath upon her lip recalled all the wild love, which in the moment of her desertion had given place to bitter hatred and scorn towards one who had so cruelly betrayed her. Long they conversed together. The end of that meeting another scene must disclose.

Far back from the homes of luxury, in one of those loathsome streets, the abode of poverty and crime, a wretched woman is breathing out her life alone. No hand to smooth the pillow or wipe the death damps from the brow. No loving heart to lead her gently down to the dark river. No voice of prayer to waft the spirit upward. No tear is shed, no heart bereft. From self-interest alone the dead will be put out of sight. Those who performed these last offices found in her bosom a little package, containing a simple ring, a miniature, and a sheet of paper, tear-stained, worn and crumpled—the record of sin and suffering, expressed in broken sentences and wrung from the heart in its moments of agony.

"Mother, father, will you hear a single word from your erring, lost child. There are times when I am a child again. Then I can look upon the past and there are smiles for me there and loving voices. Nature smiles again as she was wont around my childhood's home, and the old love for bird and flower comes back to my heart and my thoughts are full of pleasant memories. I leave my pile of leaves and the pretty wreath my child-fingers have been so busily twining and run to meet the gray-haired pastor. He takes me on his knee again and tells me of heaven and the good children there; bright angels in robes of white, singing sweet songs to their Savior's praise. My heart grows still with good thoughts and I almost wish to die, that I may go to heaven and make one of their bright number. I weep then, sweet, refreshing tears. And I long to lay my head in your lap as I used to do, and confess all my guilt and suffering and hear your kind heart breathe words of sympathy and forgiveness. I say I will weep till these tears shall wash out all my guilt. And I do weep till the fountain of my tears is dried, leaving my sin-scorched soul a dried and withered thing, with all its sources of happiness turned to gall and bitterness.

Then my girlhood dreams come back with the early loves and bright hopes that

made my young life one sweet dream of pleasure. And I sit by your side, mother, as I sat that night in the twilight hour, when you placed this upon my finger as a talisman to keep my heart from all impurity. With loving words of counsel you told me of the many temptations that lay in my path. Oh, my soul was fresh and pure then, and I wept at the thought that I might ever cause a pang of sorrow to one so beloved! My mother, have the sins of your child bowed your form and streaked with silver your dark hair? Are your steps tottering, not with age, but grief, upon the brink of the grave? Or does your sainted spirit weep such tears as angels shed over simple men?

With my girlhood dreams come the memories of their fulfilment. Oh, shide me not, mother, if my heart clings to these memories with something of fondness!—Blissful days, when I felt the sweet consciousness of loving and being loved. Even now my heart throbs wildly and I feel my very being thrill again beneath the glance of those dark, earnest eyes and the low, musical tones. I was, oh, so happy then in the possession of my heart's ideal. Nature's voices to me were love. The flowers smiled lovingly upon me, as though they guessed my secret; the birds warbled love notes in the cover branches; the tiny streamlet murmured his name. Would that my thoughts might rest here; that my weary spirit might repose here amid these soothing influences; these sweet and pleasant memories!" But "whatsoever the hand soweth that shall it also reap." Accursed be the day that my eyes looked upon those fatal lines, "Come to me, Clara. Make your plea that I am sick; only come to me!" My good angel said beware, but those smooth and lying words of flattery, so syren sweet, east out all fear. Sweet mother, severe was the struggle of my love for you and my dear home ere the words of the charmer prevailed.

I sought Edward Weston, only to find how cruelly I had been deceived. He was a husband and father. But even then he sat by my side and whispered words of love. I would have fled from his presence, but had no power, so completely was I the victim of that vile man. He had made all arrangements for my stay and promised to see me often. I believed in my foolish heart all his lying words; believed that he loved me alone; believed him when he said he had no sympathy with the being to whom he was united; and pitied and redoubled, if possible, my love. I was happy in my self-devotion to the one object of my affections. I knew no will but his. To be near him was all my happiness.

Scarcely had a brief year passed when my day of retribution came. Without a moment's warning he announced his intention to leave me forever. In the agony of my love and shame how I pleaded with him, but he only put me from him with taunting words. His presence went out from me and with it my life of love and hope. I was no longer a woman, but a fiend in human shape. The fruit of sin brought with it no love, no joy. A few brief weeks and it slept in a nameless grave, but I mourned it not. To return to those upon whom I had brought sorrow and disgrace was too much for my proud spirit. At the hand of man I had been ruined and I madly determined upon revenge. A while I thought that I prospered, but sin always sinks its victims lower and lower in their degradation. Sometimes I hugged the delusion that I have been loved; that he will come back to me and I shall be happy again. But I know better. He never loved me. I see it all now. There was no love in those looks and tones. They were but the expressions of a vile heart, deliberately working my ruin. Yes, I am ruined, body and soul! I press my hand over my eyes to shut out the horrid vision, but it haunts me still. And when my brain is well nigh maddened I drown my misery in the cup.

My poor life is well nigh spent. Sin and suffering have done their fearful work. I have done with the world—looked my last adieu to its scenes. I shall die alone and unmourned. Where is my seducer? Many times have I cursed him, but I have no power to do it now.

Here is a familiar ring. 'Tis many years since it clasped my finger. It rebuked my sin and I could not bear it. And this miniature—Ah! I thought these eyes had long ago forgotten to weep. But I loved him once; and the heart that once truly loves can never wholly forget its love. When first I traced these lines here in this crumpled manuscript I was not wholly

'Tis soiled, and marked with many a fold,
Yet, dearer to me than yellowest gold,
Is this old vest, which my arms enfold.

My eyes grow moist, as I sadly gaze
On the faded relic of other days—
The velvet vest that on my arm lays!

And now my cheek I have softly prest
On the spot where beat a manly breast,
One year ago, 'neath this faded vest!

Down in my heart, there's a great, sad woe,
The thought of which makes the tears to flow
Though I know 'tis wrong, 'tis grieving so;

For God above, He did smile on him,
And took him far from this world of sin,
To ever dwell with the angels and Him!

Happier now, in Heaven's bright sphere,
Is the soul of him I cherish dear—
Happier far than he'd ever be here!

And can I grieve that he's happy now?
That the wreath of joy enircles his brow?
That he's fulfilling love's sacred vow?

Heaven forbid! though love him I must,
Until my form has crumbled to dust,
And my soul from its cruel bonds shall have

But let me cherish it while I may—
This memento sad of the happy day,
When for me life's sun shed its brightest ray

Though soiled, and marked with many a fold,
Yet dearer to me than yellowest gold,
Is this old vest, which my arms enfold!

JENNIE, THE LO

A Farmer Boy's Life.

"W' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Above distress, below envy,
O wha had leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?"

And I am blest and free from care,
The bird that wings the Summer air;
The cloud that flecks the azure blue,
And floats in freedom through the sky,
And wildest winds the storm sails woo,
Are not so blest or free as I!

Last eve the world in smiling glee
Wore smiles of sweetest joy for me;
The golden curtains of the west
In smiling beauty gaily hung,
And o'er the ocean's placid breast,
Their folds of gleaming splendor flung!

Soft radiance shed the moon afar,
And kindly blinked the vesper star;
The zephyr stirred the leaf above,
And fondly kissed the flower below;
The wild bird sang its notes of love
In tender passion's softened glow.

This morn, when first the gloom of night
Was swept away by coming light,
I rose to greet the rising day,
And all day long new joys I find;
Life's dew-drops sparkling in my way,
Bring sweetest comfort to my mind.

Thus waves of pleasure o'er my soul
Like laughing billows joyful roll;
And oft I murmur grateful prayer,
That I have ever known the Joy,
The blissful life without a care,
Bestowed upon the Farmer's Boy!

There peaceful slumbering vales, I ween,
Between those rugged bills are seen;
And streams meandering on serene,
Upon their flower-clad banks of green.

Oh! let imagination scale
Each towering hill, each peaceful vale;
Each tower where the daughters fair
Shall eul the flowers that blossom there.

Thy skies so bright, thy scenes sublime,
And genial is thy balmy elime;
The lonely wanderer sighs awhile,
And longs for Erin's peaceful isle!

Oh! belated of song, let harps of gold
Thy praises sound in strains untold;
Let music swell her sweetest lays
To echo out thy fairest praise!

There was a hope in my heart
Of a parent's forgiveness and blessing. But
it is all over now. I have brought
gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Or if
they still live, it is too much to forgive.
The manuscript, the ring and the minia-
ture, my only possessions, I will bind them
about my heart, and when they come to put
the dead out of their sight they will bury
them with me."

So died the seduced, but the seducer still
lives, full of honors. The world does him
homage. Men fawn upon him and ladies
lavish their sweet smiles. On the street

A man made his last will and testament in words
few but significant—
"I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the
rest to the poor."

Marriage.

It is sometimes entertaining to stand a little apart from the people by whom one is surrounded and watch them in their struggles for truth. So great is man's love of the profound, and of the desire to be considered philosophical, that he sometimes seems to mystify simple questions for the strange gratification which he realizes in unravelling them. Heretofore this indirectness, (which sometimes leads to positive obscurity,) has been almost, if not quite, peculiar to the sterner sex; but in the recent discussions of the subject of marriage, in the *Cultivator*, I have been not a little surprised to find this strange, unaccountable element, existing also in the female character—that character which we have been accustomed to regard, very likely, from the issues of matrimony itself, as the essence of simplicity, and the embodiment of that beautiful plainness and directness, which so admirably qualifies her to fill what is, undoubtedly, the most responsible office in the world, which is the teacher, as well as mother, of the race. But in regard to our subject, let us go to this so-called “knot of destiny,” and see, if, after all, it does not prove to be only a slip-knot, in the noose of which, our sister Topsy became entangled, after which, all the pulling and jerking of our other friends at either end of the rope, only served to fix her more tightly in the noose. To those at the end of the rope, we would cry “slack up—and wait a moment, until we can assist Topsy to withdraw from the noose which now threatens to prove fatal to her; then you may give ever so gentle a pull, and the knot will slip out, and straightway the matrimonial cord will be straightened.”

Perhaps some of our friends will cry with one accord: “give Common Sense a cord, that ble affairs may be straightened for offering us so plain and simple an explanation of our difficulty.”

To such let us remark, that Spaniards have been able to stand an egg on one end ever since the day of Columbus.

Topsy starts with the assumption that “no two persons are, in the eye of Heaven, lawfully married, unless a certain degree or kind of harmony prevails.” It will be seen by carefully reading what has been written on this subject, that the whole discussion has arisen from this unauthorized assumption of what I hope to be able to prove to be absolutely preposterous. As some may have lost sight, during the protracted discussion of this subject, of their better judgment; in order that there may be no improper bias of newly-gained and ill-founded opinion, let us first apply the principles involved, in a new direction, and, having once obtained a clear and settled judgment in regard to their unvarying tendencies, we may then consider them in connection with the subject in hand, and see if they do not make our way to the light, plain and easy. Suppose a friend wishes to send a letter to the post office, but knows of no one who is going in that direction—at this juncture I step in and offer to take charge of his letter, which he confides to my care—is it not then my duty, and it being such, am I not bound to deliver it at the post office? And should I not be even more bound, if by virtue of any conceivable relationship with that friend, he had rightful power to compel me to receive that letter in charge?

Again: if the All-wise Director of events appoints to me a certain work in the world, of which appointment I am conscious; and I, because of personal inconvenience, or the fear of dire calamity falling upon my devoted head, to endeavor to shuffle off my responsibility (an unavailing as well as a foolish sin,) by declaring that I will have nothing to do with God's purpose in this respect; or, which is the same thing, proclaim to the world that I will divorce myself from my Heaven-appointed work! And think you, if I did make such a vain-glorious proclamation to man, that the all-seeing eye of Omnipotence would not be as continually upon me, and that his judgments would not as surely crush me? And, does it avail me aught, if, instead of my work being appointed to me, I voluntarily enter into a solemn compact before God to perform its requirement—nay, does it not become doubly imperative, and am I not, if possible, more righteously held accountable for its final accomplishment!—The verdict of every Christian man's conscience must be plainly—“yea.”

How ridiculous then must the proposition appear, that no persons are in the eye of Heaven married, unless a certain mental harmony exists—and especially when, we recollect that those bound in the holy bonds of wedlock have stood before the altar of high Heaven and unconditionally sworn to love, honor and obey, till God shall separate them by death.

If anyone enters into this matrimonial compact, with reckless indiscretion, or in criminal haste, and evils are thereby brought upon his head, can it be possible that the Supreme Justice of the universe has made the door of divorce for such transgressors to slip through and escape the just retribution, which are to purify through punishment, even as the ordeal ore is purified by fire, yielding the pure gold? “Sometimes,” it may be said, “it happens that good men and good women, who exercise all the caution that Heaven has given them in the selection of their companions for life, have been those who seem to have suffered most from unhappy wedlock.” While I am unwilling to admit that such cases are frequent, I grant, of course, that such inexplicable sorrow may sometimes be borne upon innocent shoulders; but will you ask an explanation of the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence?—or shall I be so unnatural as to ask you, why an all-wise and good Being still suffers the savage in the depths of his native forests, or upon the verge of civilization, to wreak his horrid vengeance on his helpless and pleading victim? No, I cannot tell you—I can only answer that it is a part of the great plan of human destiny which an ever-kind and just God is working out, and which we may one day understand.

It is not true, that any who are married at the altar are not recognized as married by Heaven; the custom of marriage as it exists among men has Heavenly sanction, and when man according to this custom takes a wife to himself, he is just as lawfully and really married in the sight of Heaven as in the sight of man; and he is surely accountable to Heaven for every act he performs, or passively suffers to be performed until Heaven itself releases him from the bond, and the destroying angel sounds the alarm that summons him to his long account.

COMMON SENSE.

Sketches of Celebrities.—No. 8.

MARIE DE JARS, DEMOISELLE DE GOURNAY.

The history of this lady, a now forgotten celebrity, is at the same time curious and instructive. She was born in Paris in 1556. Early losing her father, she was left with a pretty fortune, but her mother absorbed it in building, and at her death, bequeathed little but mortgages to her children, of whom she left five in number—two older and two younger than the fair Marie—who was suffered to follow her own inclinations. From her earliest years, she possessed a passion for reading; her favorite authors were Amyot, Rousard, and Montaigne—to these she afterwards added Racan, and never did she care to read others. In 1586 Montaigne published the first volume of his Essays. On reading them, our Demoiselle was so enraptured she sent a friend to Montaigne (who was then in Paris) to tell how much she admired them; this compliment so sensibly flattered the author, that the very next day he set out and visited her, offering her the affection of a father for a daughter. This was accepted, and their friendship never diminished. Marie De Jars, delighted by his patronage, now set valiantly at work upon the Greek and Latin languages, and though her zeal was greater than her method, obtained a good insight into both. Montaigne expressed himself very handsomely of her in the next edition of his Essays, and in 1588 went with her on a visit to her chateau at Gournay Sur Aronde, where he remained some time. In the year following, Demoiselle De Gournay published a work entitled “Prouemonir de M de Montaigne,” but instead of being any relic of his conversations, it was merely an insipid, tiresome Arabian tale, which Montaigne himself incited her to write, thus adding another to the list of books no one is able to read.

After her mother's death, Marie took charge of her younger brother and sister, and managed with such address as to pay off all the debts and retain near two thousand pounds. In 1592 Montaigne died at Bordeaux; on hearing this afflictive event, Marie de Jars immediately started off, crossing nearly the whole kingdom alone, to console with his widow and child, who gave to her his essays enriched by his own notes, in order that she might prepare a new edition. This was done with such care, that she herself called it “*le bon et vieux exemplaire*,” and it indeed remains to-day the favorite edition. With Montaigne's death, Demoiselle resolutely set her face against all improvements, feeling she had seen the end of perfection. In her style of writing and living, she adhered to the fashion of the sixteenth century, and during the first half of the seventeenth. She resided in Paris, where all sorts of games were played upon her by the reckless wits attached to the court. A forged letter was sent to her, purporting to come from James

the first, of England, asking for her portrait and a memoir of her life. The poor lady falling into the snare, actually sat for her picture and spent six weeks in writing her memoirs, then sent both to England, where, of course, none knew what to make of them, but when the French ambassador, Larvardin, returned home, the conspirators failed not to tell her how highly the king had spoken of her, and how carefully her autograph was enshrined in the cabinet!

And now our good lady plunged into alchemy; in vain her friends expostulated; she persisted in melting the remainder of her fortune in the crucible. Obligated, finally, to take herself to some other pursuit, though deep in adversity, she adopted the daughter of the poet Jamyn, in whose society and that of a remarkable cat, named Piallion (whose virtues she celebrated in verse) she passed her succeeding years, yet keeping up amid all, her intimacy with the family of Montaigne. She went on a visit to them in Guyenne, where she remained fifteen months. In 1626 she published a collection of her works, entitled “*L'ombre de Demoiselle de Gournay*”—treating all manner of subjects in all manner of ways.

She was now not much under sixty years of age, but a regular conspiracy was formed at court against her, and such was her credulity, she found it easy to believe all the marvels they told her—how nothing was spoken of but her books; how her portrait adorned the galleries of Brussels and Antwerp; how in Holland her works were published with compliments, while in Italy, Charles Pinto and Caesari Capucci celebrated her praises! About this time, the poet Racan prepared to visit our heroine; the conspirators hearing his intentions, failed not to take advantage of it, sending first one of their number, a handsome young man, who flattered the Demoiselle finely in Mr. Racan's name. Shortly after he had left, came another, desiring to be announced as M. Racan; when told he had just left them, he denounced him as a vile imposter who had stolen his name, and as he was of fine appearance and even greater gallantry than his predecessor, our Demoiselle was extremely pleased with him. He had hardly made his adieux, when the real poet appeared, plain, awkward, absent and ill-dressed, with a horrid pronunciation! Demoiselle de Gournay flew at him in a rage; she beat him on the head with her slipper, exclaiming “Am I to see nothing but Racans all the days of my life?” till he made good his escape from the house! Of course, the true circumstances soon leaked out, and the poor lady's mortification knew no bounds. But good came out of evil; Cardinal Richelieu, who had been much amused by the above story, granted her a small pension. She now re-edited Montaigne's works, and one of her own “*A viset Preseus de Demoiselle de Gournay*.” When Cardinal Richelieu died, she still survived, him, and the king causing her pension to be suspended, she passed the remainder of her days in a state of painful indigence. At her death, she left by will her clothes to Mademoiselle Jamyn, her books to some friends, and a “curious mass to the poet Gombauld, who lived and died in a state of greater poverty than hers.”

With her name and fame covered by the dust of long years, her successes and eccentricities alike almost forgotten, it is only in the province of the curious to trace out the history of Marie de Jars, the adopted daughter of Montaigne. ANNA M. B.

My Little Sister.

I have a little sister,
Bright, laughing-eyed is she,
A roguish little prattler
As ever one need see.

Amid the happy household
She is the pet of all;
The one sweet face that weareth
No dark and cloudy pall.

She plays among the flowers,
That little sister mine,
And catches from the bird notes
Her lisping music's chime!

She hath no cares nor sorrows
To check her childish glee;
No fears nor misty shadows
To dim her heart so free.

I miss her liquid laughter
In my long absence now;
I miss her “kiss me brother,”
That smile upon her brow!

May angels kindly guard her,
While brother's far away,
And shed a golden sunshine,
Around her life's young day.

OSIAN ST. PIERRE.

“An architect proposes to build a “Bachelor's Hall,” which will differ from most houses, in having no eyes.

“I live by my pen,” said a vulgar author to a lady. “You look, sir, as if you ought to live by a pen.”

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

DEATH had made a solemn visit
To our bright domestic band,
And the gentlest one had fallen,
Smitten by his cruel hand.

We had folded up her garments,
Sprinkling them with many a tear,
And the cloud of our great sorrow
Rested darkly o'er us here.

But there smiled another darling
In the bloom of health and love,
Talking of her angel sister,
And that better home above.

Soon we heard upon our threshold
The returning angel's tread;
And the brightest and the gladdest
Of our little flock lay dead.

Her dark eyes had been all tearless.
While we wept her sister's flight;
Hers the only heart that grieved not
In the eve of sorrow's night.

Ah! did not the little spirit,
Which had twined about her own,
Whisper of her early transit
To a world of joy unknown?

Precious babes! ye left us lonely—
Took the sunshine from our hearth
Tears, and hopes, and yearnings only
Now are left us on the earth.

But anon amidst our sorrow,
Spirit songs are in our ear;
Hand in hand those little angels
Wave their glittering pinions near.

SIGNIFICATIONS OF NAMES

BY LENA LYLE.

S.—Solomon, peaceable and wise,
Swiftness, high, anear the skies;
Stephen, a garland or a crown,
Selwyn, gloomy, e'er cast down;
Samson is a little son,
Saul, desired by many a one;
Sebastian, revered must be,
Simon obeys, though wild and free.

T.—Theobald, a tyrant heart,
Truman is the child of art;
Theodore, by God is given,
Toby, praise the Lord of heaven;
Thomas, a twin, a darling child,
Theophilus, pure, undefiled;
Tracy is a warrior known,
Timothy, a heart of stone.

V.—Valentine, powerful am I,
Vincent, I conquer or I die;
Virvan, living, life is sweet,
Vasa, my high ambition is—to eat!
W.—Walter, a master of the wood,
Walwin, a conqueror, mild and good;
William is, many I defend,
Wallace, before no man will bend;
Willis, refined, the purest gem,
Weston, I crave a diadem.

X.—Xavier is a heart of gold,
Where sunbeams linger and grow old.
Z.—Zaccheus, innocent and mild,
Zachary, Lord, I am thy child;
Zebedee, possession shows,
Zedekiah, God's justice knows.

Dirge for the Beautiful.

The summer smiles in verdure green,
Sweet roses blush around,
And happy birds are warbling gay,
In music's joyous sound.
But she, the young and fair, whose eye
Beamed on us all with love,
Has lonely left her earthly home,
And dwells in light above.

How sad to see the youthful cheek
With wan disease grow pale,
And health depart from graceful forms,
While strength and beauty fall;
What anxious prayers our hearts send forth,
That death might spare the young,
Whose hopes were yet so bright and warm,
Life's music half unsung.

Her light guitar lies tuneless now,
With sad and broken string,
No hand to wake the gentle tones,
Its sweetest o'erling;
But memories of her plaintive songs
Still linger in our heart;
Alas! that she who warbled them
Thus early must depart!

Oh! who can tell how lone the home
From which the dear one starts,
When severed are earth's cords of love,
To roam the heavenly parks;
They listen for her gentle step,
Her sweet and winning tone,
And then the saddening thought returns
That she's forever gone.

Forever gone from earthly sight,
Yet from yon blissful heaven,
Perhaps her spirit hovers o'er
The friends her God has given;
And though eyes may never gaze
Upon her form again,
Yet in our hearts her virtues live,
Unstilled by a stain.

MABEL

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Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D.R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H.	K.	F.	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	Remarks,	day of	18
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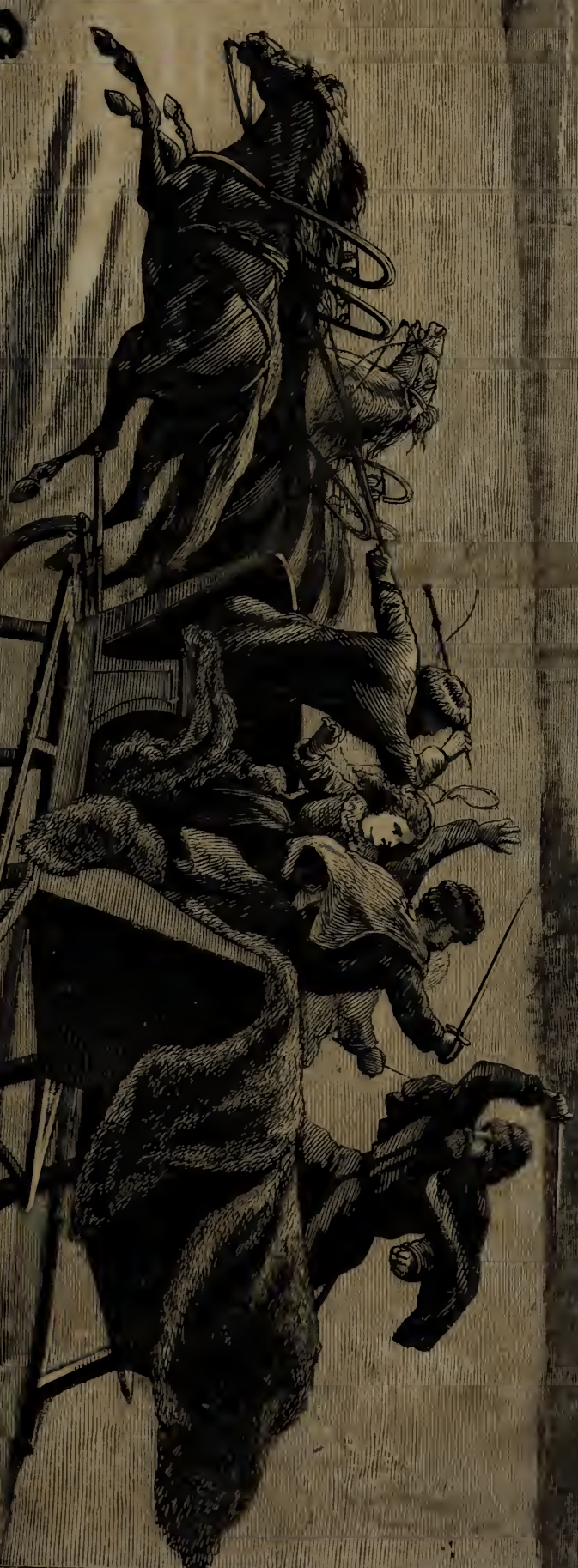
Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D.R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon.

Distance.

The SECRET of STORM CASTLE.
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(Handwritten calculations, likely related to the preceding page's entries)

